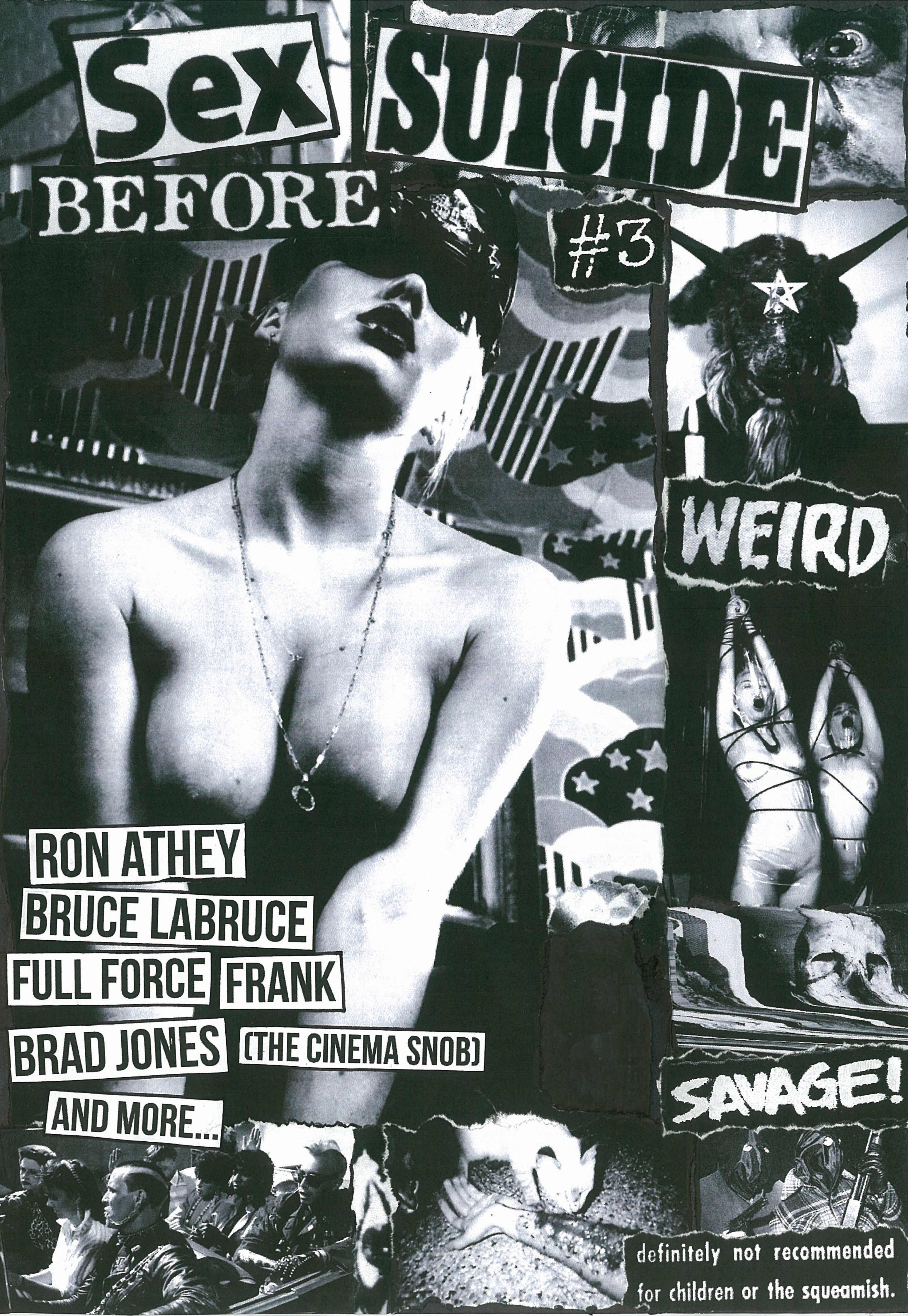
# Sex BEFORE SUICIDE

## #3



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**BRAD JONES** (THE CINEMA SNOB)

**AND MORE...**

definitely not recommended
for children or the squeamish.

SEX BEFORE SUICIDE #3

## SEX BEFORE SUICIDE.

SEPTEMBER 2012

Intros are always fucking boring. What could I tell you ? Yeah, it took time, last issue was from last year. The reason is, let's say, 20% because we're lazy, and 80% because life is a fucking bitch. Zero went through a proto mid-life crisis that included a strong depression for a few months, Mat Criminal was working his ass off drawing shit for a living, and I also went through a hard time due to a 6 years long addiction to some pills.

Still no money, no job, and pissed off all the time but it feels good to be clean, right kids? About the content of this beautiful zine you're holding, it's still fucking excellent as always. Now, enjoy the shit and see you next time retards!

R.G.

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE **SHOCK SHOW** OF THE YEAR!

Body identified as John Carr's, turned over by police. Note blood smudges on wall and apparent blood-writing on baseboard. On Carr's hand, although not visible in this photo, the remnants of numbers "666" appeared, carved into the drying blood.

**RAPH GORDON**

The Wizard.

Collages / Layout.

Weird shit fascination.

- Rolling Stones – Lost Brussels live (73)
- T-Model Ford – Pee Wee Get My Gun (97)
- Lou Reed – Take No Prisoners (78)
- Hank Wood... – Go Home LP (2012)
- Brainoil – Death Of This Dry Season (11)
- Lightnin' Hopkins – Sings The Blues (62)
- Andre Williams – Silky (98)

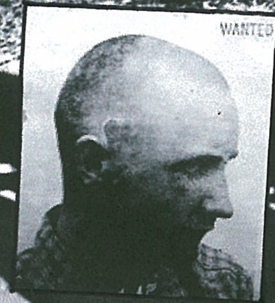
raphsbs@gmail.com

**ANTOINE ZERO**

"Is there anything better than literature and combat sports?"

- Oigo Boingo – Better Luck Next Time (82)
- Skeptics – III (1987)
- Riechmann – Wunderbar (1978)
- Lull – 2x7 inches
- A mixtape with punk and post-punk stuff from New Zealand like Y.F.C., Skeptics and No Tag that I found some blog.

zooed-out@hotmail.com

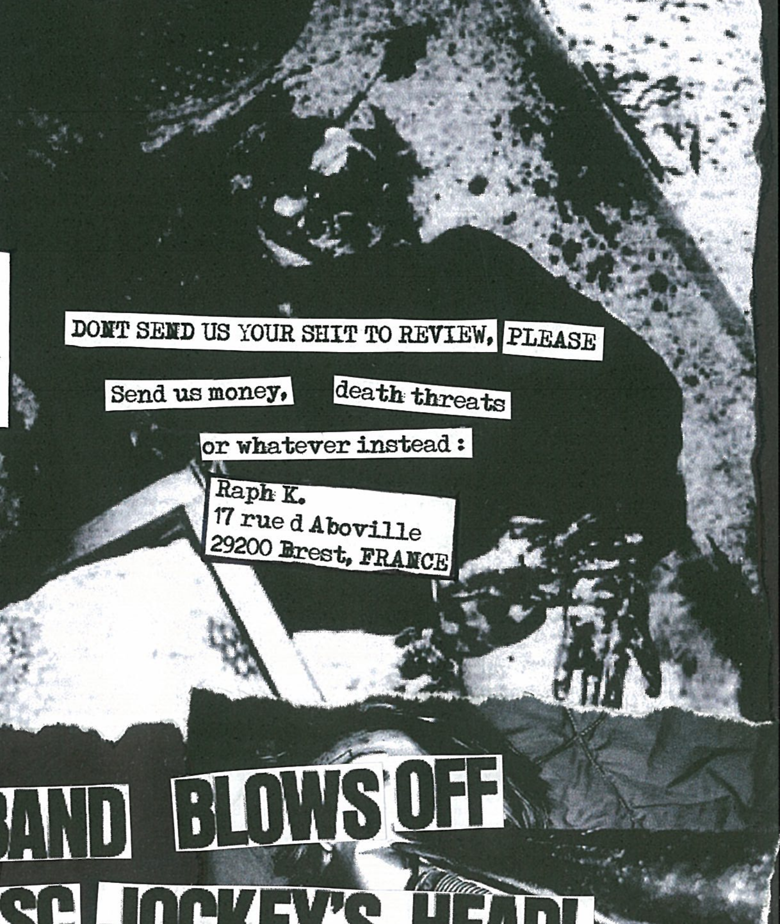


**MAT CRIMINAL**

You can suck his little shaved balls.

- Max Romeo – War Ina Babylon (1976)
- Paris Violence – Mourir en Novembre (2000)
- Yussuf Jerusalem – Blast From the Past (11)
- Cheap Time – Fantastic Explanations (2010)
- Teengenerate – Get Action! (1994)
- Crisis – Holocaust (78-81)

mattxenemy@hotmail.com



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Raph K.
17 rue d Aboville
29200 Brest, FRANCE

## JEALOUS HUSBAND BLOWS OFF DISC JOCKEY'S HEAD!

"He Was Doing It Next To The Baby's Bed With My Wife!"

# HEY I GOT SOMETHING TO SAY

### BY ANTOINE ZERO.

***« When i go to a local show everyone's on the same page with music but people just stand there, even if it's an awesome set. Who am ilto talk though, I don't initiate anything either. »***

This is an excerpt from STITCHES IN MY HEAD #2, from the intro to be exact. These two phrases sums it all up but let me expend that a little bit 'cause that's what we need to talk about here. Before that, the editor Christina also wrote that the punk scene is plagued by debates on the same uninteresting topics like the digital format and shit like that, which is a valid point of view. So yeah, let's talk about what's really happening, which is nothing.

During the time i was reading Christina's zine I was re-reading this book called « Deviations », which is a compilation of texts by Aaron Cometbus published by a french editor. After that i re-read the 50th issue of COMETBUS, the only one i own. That's when i managed to pinpoint what was my problem towards the punk movement. Of course those texts are all about punk. Punk in the society, punk who talks about his different experiences as a punk, like how is it to eat out of a garbage can but still being friend with GREEN DAY and touring China with them. Something felt weird, i had this nauseous feeling of reading the diary and the thoughts of someone who was kind of stuck in his own world, putting the « punk » on a pedestal and despising the rest of the world under his dreamy but stale nib. Despising, not hating.

Like his text « punk rock love is.. », what the fuck is that ? What is the difference exactly between a punk who has his girlfriend sleeping on his back after sex and some regular jackass who just had sex and at the very same time, his girlfriend/boyfriend asleep on his back ? And why does this guy have to steal from a corner shop or a pop and mom's store, does he gives a shit about other people who chose another way of living and working their asses off ? Why does he have to publish all of his correspondence as if it was fascinating ? And the one that leaves me the most puzzled, if this guy is always broke and living in a dumpster, how does he manage to publish so many zines with great layout ? Where the fuck does he find the money ? He's probably stealing from his roomates, i guess that's why he's moving so much ha ha...

Anyway ! I'm complaining about shitty blogs with nothing interesting on it but I tend to forget that it has it's ancestors. Cometbus and it's autobiographic uninteresting bullshit is one of the many dark sides of the DIY community.

I know you're not all Cometbus fans, if you are, close this zine and just fuck off. I'm sure some of you share my opinion but even if this seems to be an extreme example to choose, I think this problematic of letting the punk do the job for us is everywhere and in every scene. We're all a bunch of boring morons. We, as an audience, suck. In some ways, we're no different from the so called people in suits you're suppose to despise, I personally don't falsely hate the working men and women.

Christina is obviously talking about her home scene, Melbourne Australia, a scene I had the pleasure to visit not too long ago since i like to meet new people and seeing new things, but i must say she's totally right. I could have write the same two phrases while writing about my home scene. Being from Paris, i recognize myself in it but from what I saw in Melbourne, and more importantly based on what Christina wrote, it's the same even at the other side of the world. And that's a depressing fact. In our last issue i wrote about the fact that I was bored about going to shows, feeling like it was another day at the office. But it was just a small part from a big speech about scene minded people, about being part of one scene and the consequences it had on me. The thing is, I ask myself this question again and again and I'm not sure of the answer: What does make a great rock n roll scene? What are the ingredients? Is there a simple definition of it? And does that make me a spoiled brat to complain about my scene?

Which is an active one. I can go out if I want to and check out a whole lot of different kinds of music. I can go out and check out a whole lot of different record shops, selling different kind of music, with also different prices from one another if you know what I mean. I can also go out and have a drink, even party, with people who are into the same music as I am. But the heart of the problem stays the same, why did I become so fed up with the scene I used to happily belong to? I'm still into the music, but the social aspect of it is more and more fucked up to me.
The apathy of the audience is where a part of the answer lies in my opinion. I think another part of the problem is an overdose of too much shows with too much average bands, in a city in where too much happens with too many people. Too many different people and all I can see is how mediocrity and falseness seems to be everywhere.

The only times nowadays where I can see some action going on at shows is either some fake pussy mosh pits in some big underground shows, like the Nobunny one i booked a year and a half ago, occupied by hipsters who on some subconscious level feel like they have to pogo around to validate their presence here. Or sometimes the action comes from some drunk as shit crusts. And that's really fuckin' sad. Even at hardcore shows the audience stays silent.

While I was in Melbourne I found myself in this really weird environment, during a set by a band called SOMA COMA. The band in my opinion sounds like a third rate STRAIGHTJACKET NATION, it's not that they sounded like shit but they are just aping this kind of really hardcore Clevo punk music, like d-beat mixed with old school Boston hardcore or something, and they were not that interesting, but they still tried to put on a show. This very moment was really weird, you should have seen the audience, you should have seen us with our arms crossed looking at them politely and clapping between songs, even if nobody really liked it. What a fascinating sight, a room in where a band is playing bad nihilistic tunes to an audience comprises of dull people bored to death.

Are we all dead?

The best moment of the evening was the dinner I had with my friend Marcus before the show, not the show itself that took place upstairs in the same venue but having a great meal with a pal was actually way more interesting and fun. It's like we enslaved ourselves to this habit of going to shows even if it doesn't make any sense anymore. Why are we doing that? Was it supposed to become this habit we have to fill in our days? Is everyone pleased by this situation? Am I the only one thinking about it this way?

I know it's not a worldwide problem, Cleveland for instance seems to be the antithesis of this fucked up situation. Since this city has the reputation of being one of the biggest toilets in the western civilization it seems understandable that it spawns bands like NINE SHOCKS TERROR and the mayhem that comes with. Strangely enough, Paris is also one of the biggest toilets in the western civilization but for different reasons. I'm living in a pit of expensive bling-bling superficiality, too much culture for too little pure artistic expression. Too much cynicism that blocks every possible enlightenment of the mind. Everyone in Paris is either scared or stupid, I'm more scared than stupid but I'm a little bit of both. Even in an underground scene that supposed to be an alternative it feels like a constraint, it feels like a cultural jail.

So what is the solution to all that? Is it more nihilism and more chaos? More violence? More fun? More deep sinking into politics that nobody understands correctly?
Scenesters in Paris are way into MDMA, which helps a lot if you want to enjoy your party, I'm not into it, it's too violently fake for me, how frustrating is it for me to feel like a buzzkill just because i can't get any satisfaction from a shitty local show ?

I guess you're thinking « what the fuck? If he's so unhappy why don't he moves on to something else? », I mean that's what I'm thinking. But I still feel the need to be part of it for some weird, and probably sick or sad, reasons. If I wasn't into punx music anymore I wouldn't write for this zine. I'm not writing all that shit just to piss people off or to act like a smart ass but I honestly feel like we're biting our own tails here. I think the concept of a DIY scene as we know it is slowly dying and nobody seems to notice, or give a shit. I think we're all kind of bored with it actually, I don't think it's only me. For one intense LIMP WRIST show or for one fun as hell DIGGER & THE PUSSYCATS show we're surrounded by a apathetic crowd of ourselves looking at average bands comprised of ourselves. We're just doing it but it's like it doesn't make any sense now, we're like punx robots.

Anyway, right now I'm still behind my computer complaining like a lil bitch about all of us, middle class pussies, overfed vegan people or overfucked-up people, doomed to be mildly entertained in our tiny underground circles and by the time we'll be 80 years old, some of us will try to convince themselves that it was a great time for being young, others will be more lucid about it and be all bitter, personally I know that when I'll be really fuckin old, I'll just spend my time smoking weed. If i can't do anything else and if have to face all my regrets from my almost done life, I'd rather eat and laugh all the time while blasting one of my record like i used to do when i was 19. Can't wait to be old as fuck.

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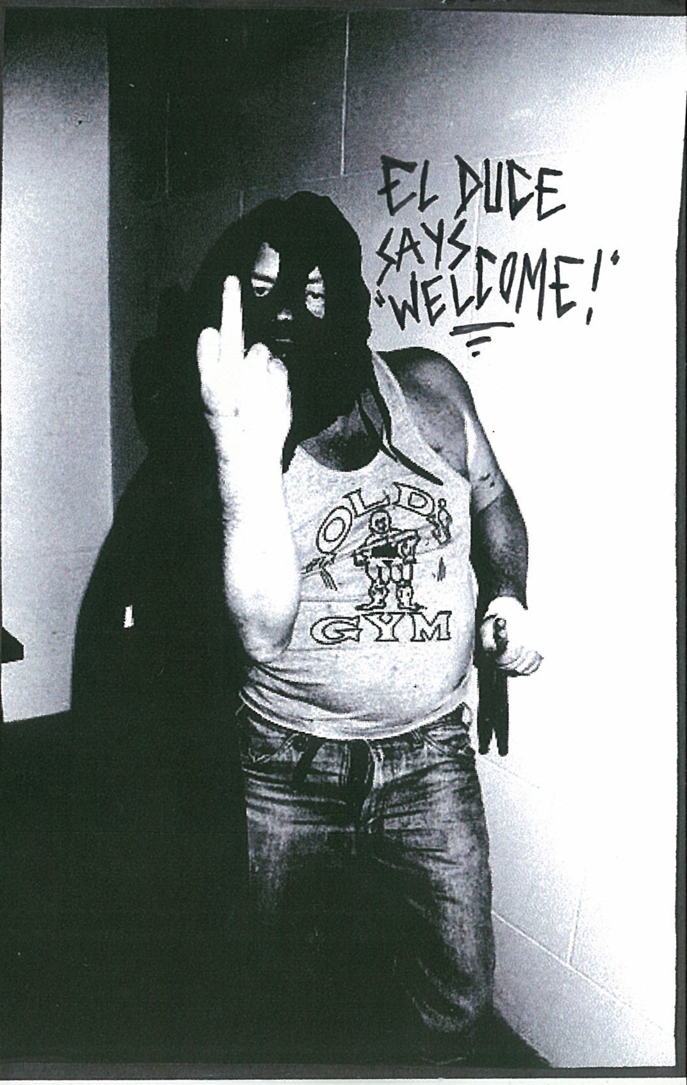
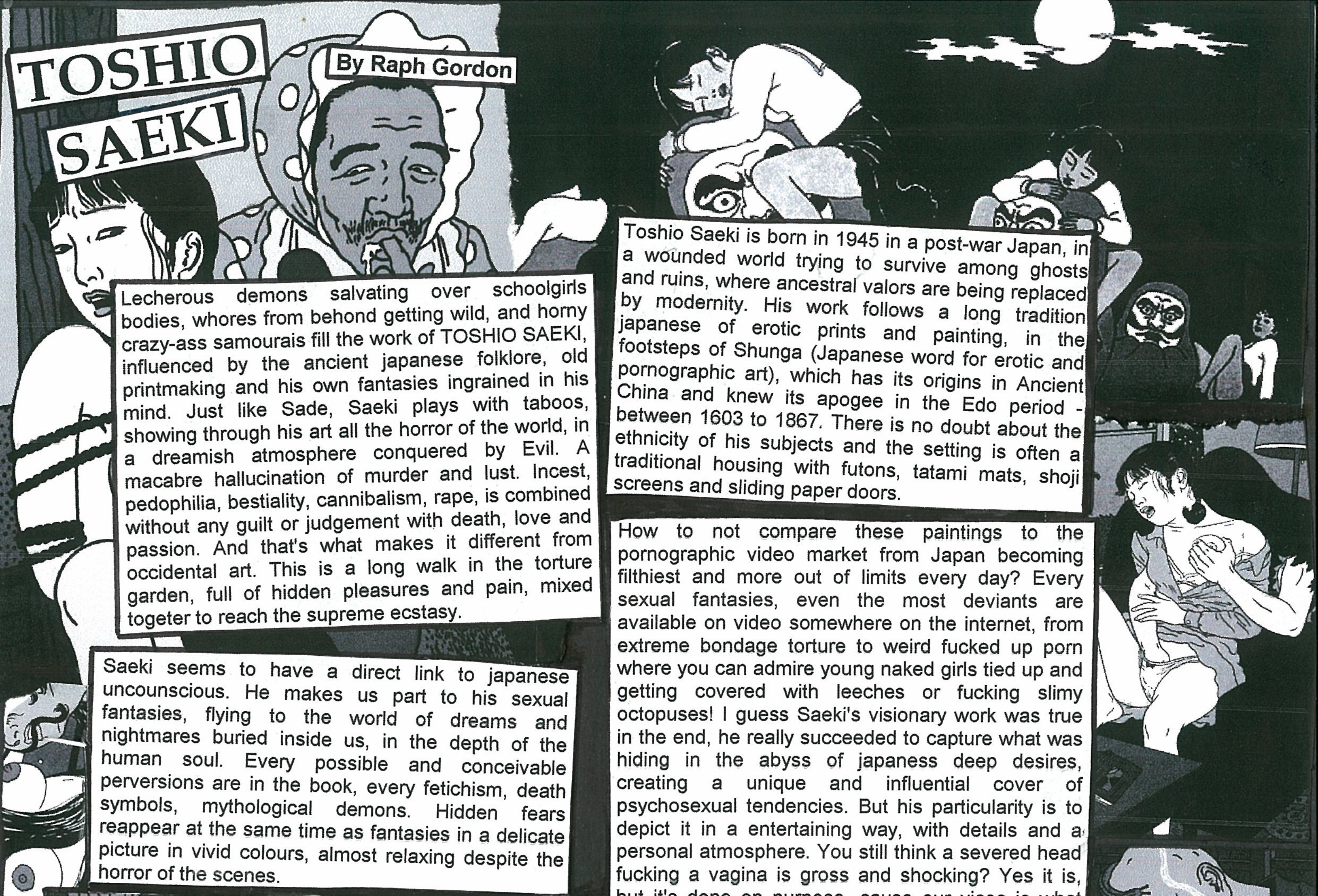


# TOSHIO SAEKI

**By Raph Gordon**

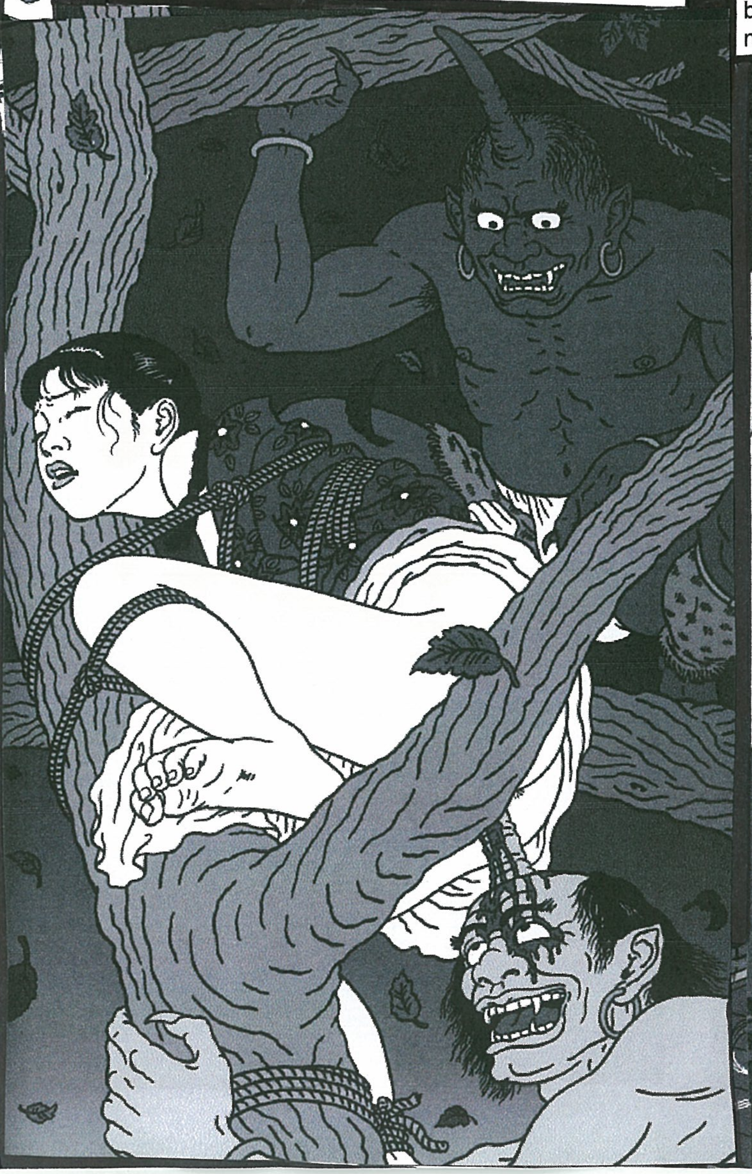


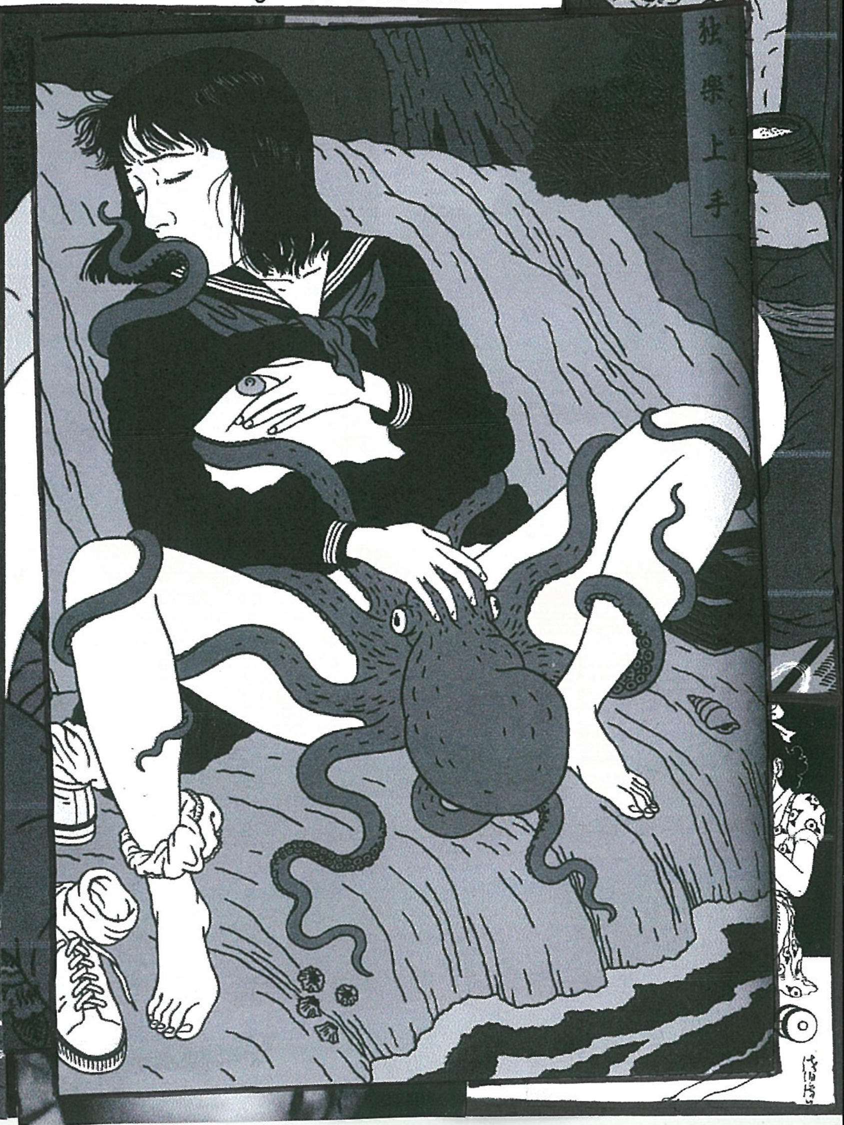
Lecherous demons salvating over schoolgirls bodies, whores from behond getting wild, and horny crazy-ass samourais fill the work of TOSHIO SAEKI, influenced by the ancient japanese folklore, old printmaking and his own fantasies ingrained in his mind. Just like Sade, Saeki plays with taboos, showing through his art all the horror of the world, in a dreamish atmosphere conquered by Evil. A macabre hallucination of murder and lust. Incest, pedophilia, bestiality, cannibalism, rape, is combined without any guilt or judgement with death, love and passion. And that's what makes it different from occidental art. This is a long walk in the torture garden, full of hidden pleasures and pain, mixed togeter to reach the supreme ecstasy.

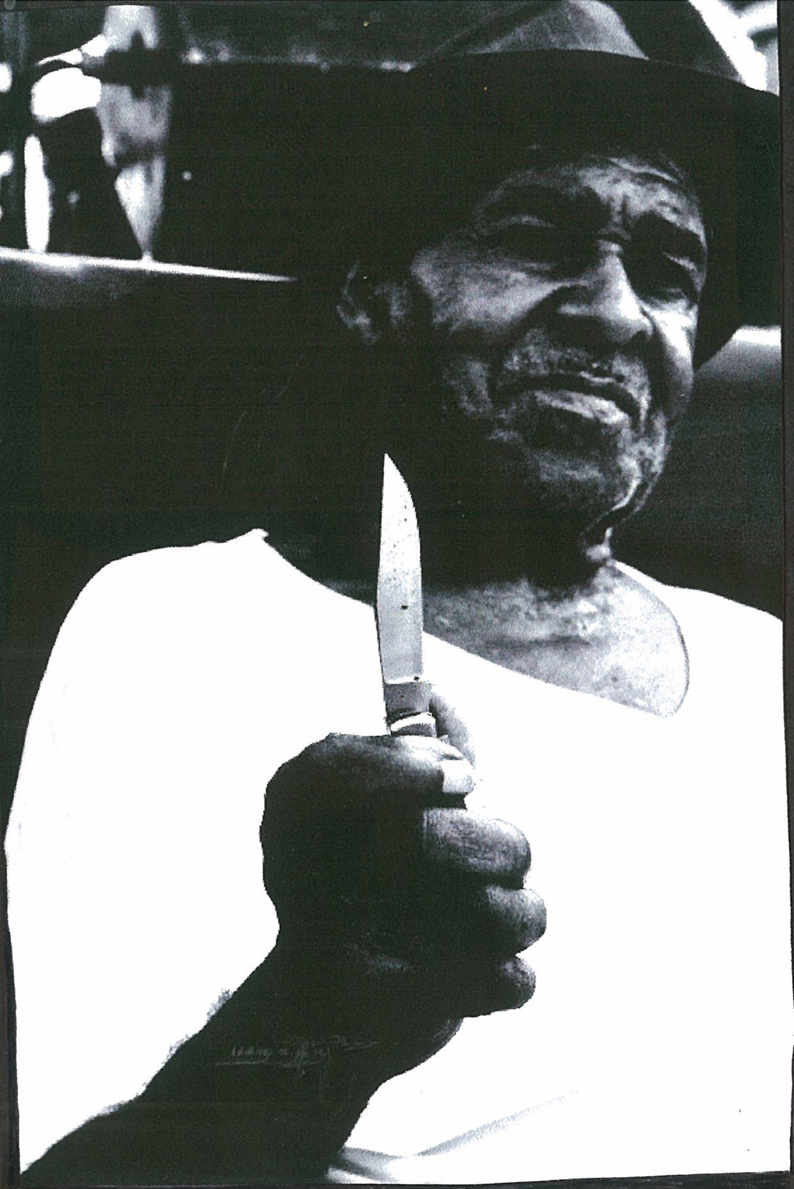
Saeki seems to have a direct link to japanese uncounscious. He makes us part to his sexual fantasies, flying to the world of dreams and nightmares buried inside us, in the depth of the human soul. Every possible and conceivable perversions are in the book, every fetichism, death symbols, mythological demons. Hidden fears reappear at the same time as fantasies in a delicate picture in vivid colours, almost relaxing despite the horror of the scenes.

Toshio Saeki is born in 1945 in a post-war Japan, in a wounded world trying to survive among ghosts and ruins, where ancestral valors are being replaced by modernity. His work follows a long tradition japanese of erotic prints and painting, in the footsteps of Shunga (Japanese word for erotic and pornographic art), which has its origins in Ancient China and knew its apogee in the Edo period - between 1603 to 1867. There is no doubt about the ethnicity of his subjects and the setting is often a traditional housing with futons, tatami mats, shoji screens and sliding paper doors.

How to not compare these paintings to the pornographic video market from Japan becoming filthiest and more out of limits every day? Every sexual fantasies, even the most deviants are available on video somewhere on the internet, from extreme bondage torture to weird fucked up porn where you can admire young naked girls tied up and getting covered with leeches or fucking slimy octopuses! I guess Saeki's visionary work was true in the end, he really succeeded to capture what was hiding in the abyss of japaness deep desires, creating a unique and influential cover of psychosexual tendencies. But his particularity is to depict it in a entertaining way, with details and a personal atmosphere. You still think a severed head fucking a vagina is gross and shocking? Yes it is, but it's done on purpose, cause our vices is what makes Toshio Saeki laugh. And so are we...







# T-MODEL FORD

While classic bluesmen started to play the guitar really early in their life, growing up with music vibe in their veins, Ford began at the age of 58 when his wife left him alone with a brand new guitar. You know what blues is about... Love. Heartbreaks. Sadness. In one word : pain.

The only thing he was kissing at this point was his bottle. That's about the time he remembered the first time he saw Muddy Waters in this club. This music didn't leave him since, his business just didn't leave him enough time to devote himself to it.

Illiterate, T-Model Ford couldn't read the music sheets, so he began to learn by himself, playing over and over again some Muddy Waters or Howlin Wolf's songs. This self-teaching gave him a peculiar play, unique, while borrowing some skills from the Delta and Chicago blues. With a past filled as a delinquent, with comes and goes from jail, his frequent arguments with his girlfriend Stella, Ford has enough anecdotes to put together a hundred of albums. He likes to brag about his conquests, admitting he's a woman's man and a troublemaker, he can't change a fucking thing about that.

His temper has lead him to trouble holding a band together for touring and recording over the years. But hits like "I'm Insane" represent perfectly his character, listen to this hypnotic rythm, this savage, wild drums and this electric anger, while he says *« I'm gon' put my foot in ya ass ».*

T Model Ford is one badass motherfucker. His inspired blues, raw as a good ol' whiskey and wild as hell, reminds us the roots of the style, when it was played on dirty front porches of Mississippi or in sleazy juke joints. Ford plays his music with his heart and balls, not giving a fuck what people think about his attitude : primal, minimalist, hysterical and frenetic... "T Model Ford is going to remember you sorry fuckers how it's done". Talking about attitude, even if at 90 years old his fighting skills are not what they used to be, just take a look at his deep dark eyes and he will show you what he got, you won't be the first, you won't be the last. *« I could really stomp some ass back then, stomp it good. I was a sure-enough-dangerous man. »*

Born Lewis Carter Ford around 1920 in the small town of Forrest, Mississippi, where he spent a rough youth. His pops, between two hard beatings, sent him to the local sawmill to work when he was fourteen. As a good worker, he did numerous jobs from agent to truck driver, that leaded him to Greenville. There, he started to hang out in the sleazy juke joints in Nelson Street where musicians, crooks, killers and prostitutes all appear when the sun goes down *« People were rough on Nelson Street. I fought a couple of times up there, but I didn't get whupped. I win! »*. Lewis was a young wolf back then, with his curly hair and a front gold teeth. And Nelson Street appeared to be the perfect spot to listen to good music while trying some moves on good looking babes.

One night, when he was drinking at a table flirting with some ladies, a jealous husband went apeshit and stabbed him in the back, the blade broke through the skin for a few inches. T-Model did what he had to do, destroyed a chair [redacted], pulled out a knife and slit his throat. This incident made him condemned to ten years in chain gang. After his sentense was reduced to 'only' two years of chain gang in Tenessee, he came back to work at the swamill. To this day, the irons marks are still clearly visibleon his body.

When his first record was released on Possum Records in 1997, he was 70. Now, seven albums have been put out, and T-Model keeps going on. I'll never get tired of hearing about a wild life spent at getting drunk, getting laid, working hard for nothing and bar fighting. That's for sure.

180 GRAM
VIRGIN VINYL LTD. EDITION
Alive
T-MODEL FORD
and GravelRoad
T-Model Ford
She Ain't None of Your'n
T-MODEL FORD
and GravelRoad

Pee Wee Get My Gun (Fat Possum) 1997

You Better Keep Still (Fat Possum) 1998

To The Left To The Right 7" (Sheep Records) 1999

She Ain't None Of Your'n (Fat Possum) 2000

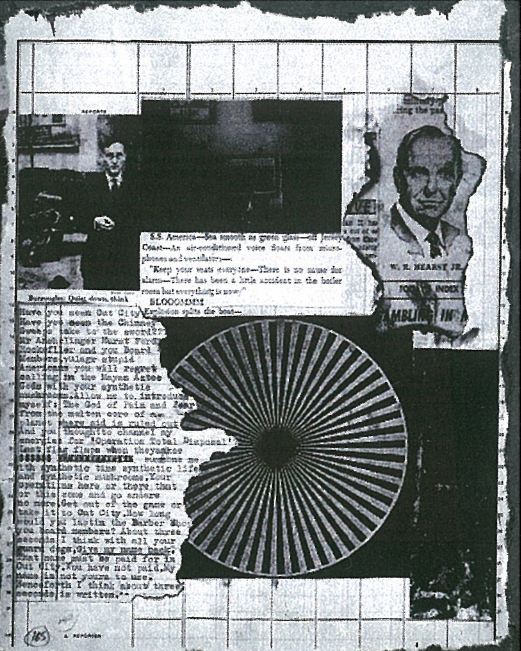
Bad Man (Fat Possum) 2002

Don't Get Out Talkin It 10" (Fat Possum) 2007

T Model Ford & GravelRoad – Taledragger (Alive) 2010

The Ladies Man (Alive Records) 2010

# dream MACHINE


S.S. America—Sea smooth as green glass—off Jersey Coast—An air-conditioned voice floats from microphones and ventilators—
"Keep your seats everyone—There is no cause for alarm—There has been a little accident in the boiler room but everything is now/"
BLOOOMMM!
Explosion splits the boat—
Burroughs: Quiet down, think
W. R. HEARST JR.
TODAY'S INDEX

Who has never thought about getting high without creeping in a dark alley to find this scary guy who can give you your little bag of shit? The dream machine can offer you this chance to have hallucinations even with empty pockets.

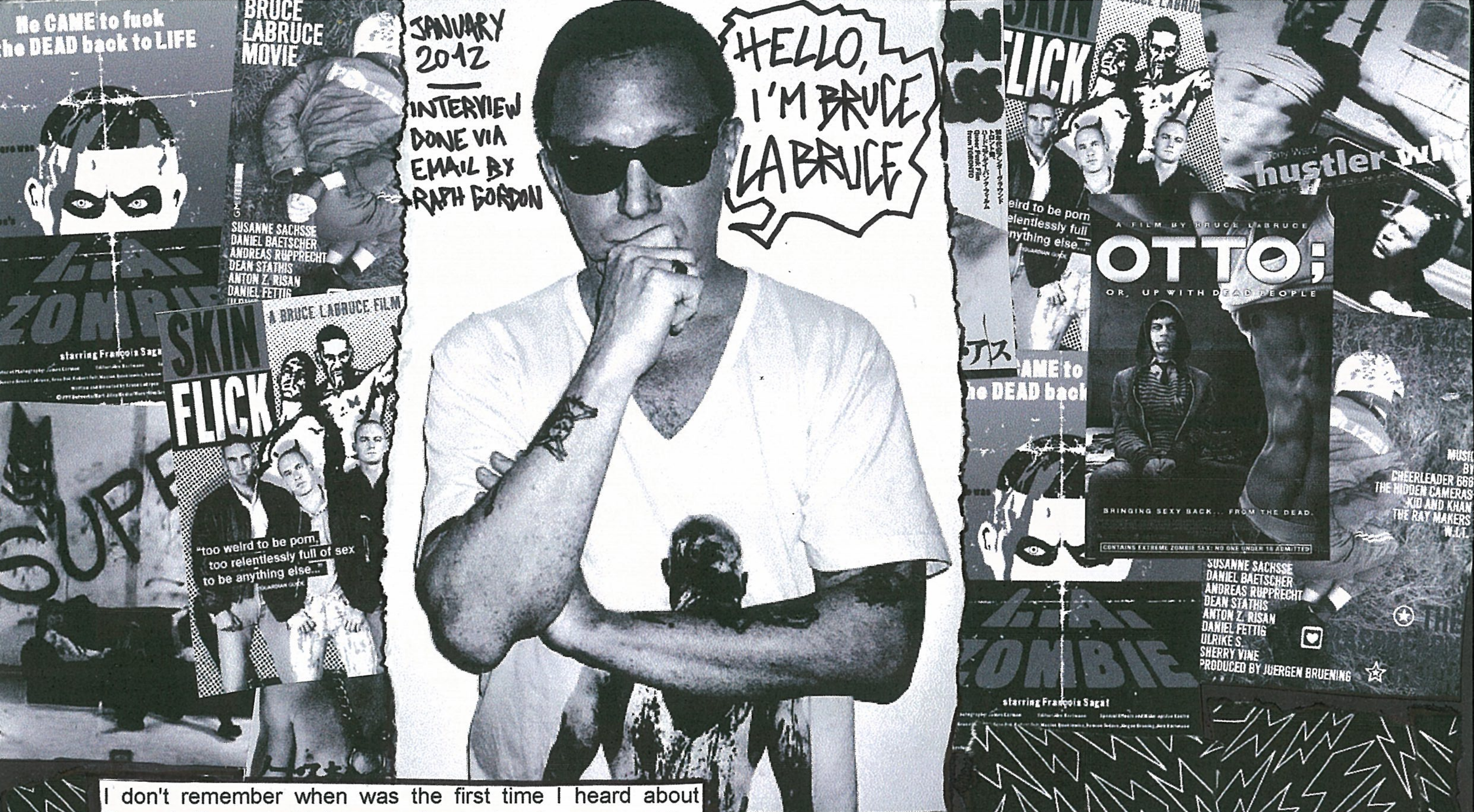
During a trip to Marseilles in 1958, BRION GYSIN, a mystic beat poet, artist and calligrapher, thought about an idea that he believed would revolutionize human consciousness.

*« Had a transcental storm of colour visions today in the bus going to Marseilles. We ran through a long avenue of trees and I close my eyes against the setting sun. An overwhelming flood of intensely bright colours exploded behind my eyelids : a multi-dimensional kaleidoscope whirling out through space. I was swept out of time. I was out in a world of infinite number. The vision stopped abruptly as we left the trees. »*

Born John Clifford Brian Gysin in 1916 at Tawplow, Canada, he soon moved to Paris in 1934 to study La Civilisation Française, an open course given at the Sorbonne. This is were [redacted] Gysin makes his first contacts with the Surrealist Group, through Marie Berthe Aurenche, Max Ernst's second wife. He eventually joined the Surrealist crowd and began frequenting Valentine Hugo, Salvador Dali, Picasso or Leonor Fini. A year later, Gysin was invited to participate to his first exhibition at the Galerie Quatre Chemins in Paris with well known artists such as Dali, Marcel Duchamp, Magritte, Man Ray or Victor Brauner, but he was expelled from the Surrealist Group on the day of the preview because of his 'insubordination' towards André Breton. Fascinated by identity, he saw himself as the reincarnation of the 10th century King of Assassins during the World War II where he was serving for the US Army. After the end of the war, he moved to Morocco in 1954 and opened a restaurant called The 1001 Nights in Tagier. He hired acrobats, a dancing boy and fire eaters to entertain clients while a local band called The Master Musicians of Jajouka were playing. That is where he met his future best friend WILLIAM BURROUGHS for the first time . Unfortunately, the experience ended in 1958 when Gysin lost his business and the restaurant closed for good. So, he returned to Paris and settled in a flophouse at 9 rue Git Le Coeur, a place that would be known internationally as the Beat Hotel. Working on writing and drawing, he accidentally discovered a Dada technique of Cut Ups, that his friend Burroughs will make famous in his novel Naked Lunch. Biron Gysin helped him many times with the editing of his novels including Interzone and Naked Lunch. But in a 1966 interview for The Paris Review about this new Cut Up technique, William Burroughs said that « When you think of it, The Waste Land was the first great cut-up collage, and Tristan Tzara had done a bit along the same lines. Dos Passos used the same idea in 'The Camera Eye' sequences in USA. But Gysin took it to another level, as a perpetual innovator, he altered the cut-up technique to produce what he called permutation poems, where a single phrase was repeated several times with the words rearranged in a different order. He began to use advanced technologies in using these permutations in a random sequence generator in an early computer program written by IAN SOMMERVILLE.

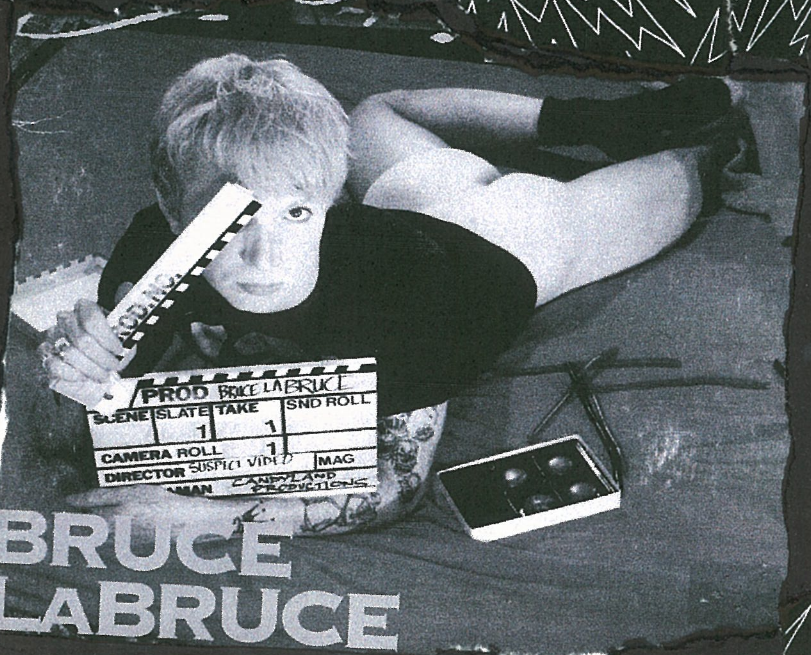
In 1960, Gysin told to Sommerville about the visions he had in Marseilles few years before, and about trying to find a way to reproduce them. He was also fascinated by the book The Living Brain, where the flicker effect was identified for the first time. Written by W. Grey Walter, future father of Artificial Intelligence, who discovered that by using high powered stroboscopes and experimenting with trigger feedback techniques where the flash was set to fire in synchronization with the brain's rythm, the brain is *« transformed temporarily to a different sort of brain »*. They started to work on this project and in February Ian Sommerville said he has made a simple machine with a rotating cylinder with cutouts placed on a record turntable rotated at 78 revolutions per minute. A light bulb suspended in the center of the cylinder so the light could come out from the slits at a constant frequency. This frequency range corresponds to alpha waves, electrical oscillations normally present in the human brain while relaxing. They experimented the machine many times and the way the paper cylinder should be cutout and Gybsin finally named it Dreammachine, and described it as *« the first art object to be seen with the eyes closed »*. The results of the experiments were published in Olympia Magazine #2, in January 1962. When you experience the Dreammachine, you have to close your eyes, you will enter a state of wellbeing, and you'll see shapes and colours, some full-blown hallucinations, some subjects even comparing this to a mystical experience.

Now, you have to make your own Dreammachine and elevate yourself to a hypnagogic state. Of course, don't try this if you're epileptic. Well, if you still want to, it's at your own risk, sucker.


He CAME to fuck the DEAD back to LIFE
BRUCE LABRUCE MOVIE
L.A. ZOMBIE
starring François Sagat
SUSANNE SACHSSE
DANIEL BAETSCHER
ANDREAS RUPPRECHT
DEAN STATHIS
ANTON Z. RISAN
DANIEL FETTIG
ULRIKE S.
SHERRY VINE
PRODUCED BY JUERGEN BRUENING
SKIN FLICK
A BRUCE LABRUCE FILM
"too weird to be porn, too relentlessly full of sex to be anything else..."
A FILM BY BRUCE LABRUCE
OTTO; OR, UP WITH DEAD PEOPLE
BRINGING SEXY BACK... FROM THE DEAD.
CONTAINS EXTREME ZOMBIE SEX: NO ONE UNDER 18 ADMITTED
hustler white
MUSIC BY CHEERLEADER 69 THE HIDDEN CAMERAS KID AND KHAN THE RAY MAKERS
HELLO, I'M BRUCE LABRUCE

JANUARY 2012
INTERVIEW DONE VIA EMAIL BY RAPH GORDON

I don't remember when was the first time I heard about Bruce LaBruce, but I do remember a story from around the time we decided to run Sex Before Suicide. That was in September 2009, Zero and I just saw the Etrange festival's program in Paris and were totally bummed when we realized we missed the 'carte blanche' of Bruce the day before. We were pissed! Firstly, because this is one truly talented filmmaker, and secondly because he was introducing his movie Otto Or Up With Dead People, as well as a selection of movies he chose to show. The next day, we went to see some japanese pinku flicks in the aftermoon, as boring as a Blank Dog gig. The evening screening was great though, Larry Cohen's God Told Me To was playing and it was weird as fuck. Those who've seen the movie understand what I'm saying. To get back to Bruce LaBruce, when we were back home we had this discussion about how No Skin Off My Ass plot was similar to an anecdote in Zero's life, and a subject leading to another, we were talking about making a zine about the sleaziest and weirdest shit in the underground world, as high as the sky could be and glancing through some Sleazy Slice comics by Robin Bougie. You understood how important this interview was to us. Thanks to Bruce for his answers, have a nice read, fuckers!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**When did you begin to be interested in cinema? What are the first trash or exploitation movies that struck you?**
My parents were poor farmers, but they were cinephiles, so they new all about Hollywood movies and they took us to the drive-in all the time in the summer. It was at the drive-in that I first saw trailers for exploitation and B-movies. Sometimes my parents wouldn't bother to check what was playing, so they would inadvertently take us to strange movies like "Rasputin, the Mad Monk" and "The Woman Who Would Not Die" and "Picture Mommy Dead". it was quite terrifying. I remember being truamatized by trailers for Night of the Living Dead and Fiend Without a Face.

**When and how did you start filming?**
LIke i said, I grew up on a farm, and this was way before video, so I didn't pick up a camera until I moved to the city to attend film school at York University in Toronto. That's when I started making my first super 8 films

**When did you know you were gay, how did you live it first? Were you a lonely young guy like your character Otto (from Otto Or Up With the Dead)?**
I knew I was gay as far back as I can remember. I had two imaginary friends, Ghosty and Valentine, who, in retrospect, were both gay. I wasn't lonely, but I was bullied for being a smart sissy in public school. I had lots of cool friends in high school - mostly smart, slutty, stylish girls - but this was back in the Dark Ages, so I had to be in the closet. Coming out wasn't an option - I would have been tormented to death. I think everybody knew, however. But because I couldn't share my inner life, and because there was always the threat of homophobic violence, I did feel a lot like Otto.

**You're like a pioneer of the whole queercore movement, in particular with the fanzine JDS you published with GB JONES. When did you start publishing it? Tell us a bit about it...**
The first issue of J.D.s came out in 1985. I lived with a punk-ish girl band called Fifth Column in a squat at that time (as I was finishing my Masters degree in film theory), and some of them were dykes. But when we tried to play our "queer" songs or movies at punk venues, we would be threatened

with violence or rejected in other ways. So that spurred us on to make J.D.s, a homo punk fanzine with highly homoerotic and pornographic elements. It was meant to be very in your face and confrontational to the supposedly radical punks who were at that time actually very sexually conservative. G.B. Jones and I wrote an article in MaximumRocknRoll called "Don't Be Gay: or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Fuck Punk Up the Ass", which was quite controversial. I interviewed the porn legend Peter Berlin for the fanzine, and Gary Floyd, the amazing queer singer of the punk band The Dicks. Dave Diktor of the punk band MDC (Millions of Dead Cops) was in a couple of my super 8 movies. We also had interviews with other queer punk bands of the time, like A.S.F. and Zuzu's Petals.

**Did you feel comfortable in the punk rock scene? Personally, even if it's meant to be a open minded and marginal milieu, I still can see homophobic whiffs.**
Yes, some elements of it were hostile to women and homos. The early roots of punk were quite sexually open and experimental, which we talked a lot about in the fanzines. The word "punk" itself originally meant a sexually passive youth in jail who takes it up the ass! Patti Smith's song Redondo Beach was about dykes, and the Ramones song 53rd and 3rd was about male prostitutes in New York. SoCal punk bands like The Germs and Catholic Discipline and Nervous Gender had queer members. The Nip Drivers, one of my favourite punk bands, had a song called Quentin Crisp whose lyric went *" Hey there Quentie, I wish you were my wife"*! But as the eighties progressed and hardcore thrash music and the mosh pit emerged, things got more macho, and there was more cross-over with the skinhead scene (who hated fags even though they were probably fucking each other - the subject of my porn film "Skin Flick"). Also a lot of girls in the punk scene just took on the girlfriend role, and were hostile to idea of feminism, although obviously there was lot of amazing women who emerged from the punk scene, with bands like Bikini Kill and Frightwig and Le Tigre and Tribe 8 and L7 and The Lunachicks, etc.

**What were/are your favorite bands, or some particular shows that were crucial to you?**
My favourite punk bands were Dag Nasty, The Ugly Americans, The Wipers, Nip Drivers, Feederz, Beefeater, The Crucifucks, Dicks, MDC, Dr. Know, Aryan Disgrace, Minor Threat, JFA, Husker Du, Butthole Surfers... During the Anarchist Convention in Toronto there was a great show of Scream, The Mr. T Experience, and MDC, which i filmed from the mosh pit. I used the footage in my short super 8 film called Slam! There used to be a great venue in Toronto called Larry's Hideaway. I saw Husker Du there and hung out with them backstage. I saw a lot of great bands there in the eighties: Chris and Cosey, David Thomas and the Wooden Birds, Hoodoo Gurus, etc. But Toronto had so many great punk venues. I saw Nirvana at Lee's Palace just before they hit big, with about forty people. I got to see everyone from Diamanda Galas to Sonic Youth to The Sugarcubes to the Butthole Surfers, etc, etc.

**I've seen somewhere that you co-wrote the song « I Wanna Be A Homosexual » with Ben for Screeching Weasel? Is that true? How did it happen?**
Yes, I met Ben Weasel through the zines, I think, and he has a cameo in my movie "Super 8 1/2". He was one of the hottest men in punk rock. Then I went down and made a music video in Chicago for his band The Riverdales. I don't know, just punk networking!

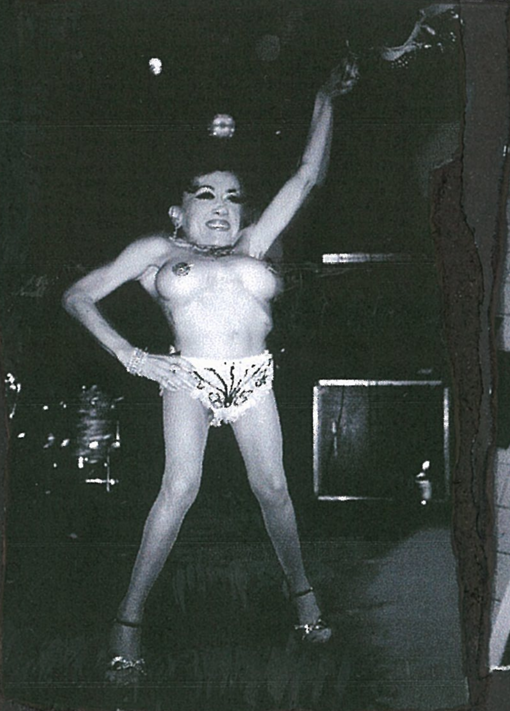
**Do you still dig punk rock? What are you listening to recently?**
I don't really follow punk anymore. I don't find it politically viable anymore since it got co-opted by fashion and pop culture. When I DJ I play Classixx, Tensnake, Crystal Castles (old friends of mine), Light Asylum, Azari & III, The Swiss, Fred Falke, Ssion, Chinawoman, The Hidden Cameras, MNDR, KINGDOM, The Gossip, Clio, Kerrier District, etc. I listen to a lot of movie soundtracks by the likes of John Barry, Bernard Herrmann, Michael Small, DeVol, Neal Hefti, David Shire, Elmer Bernstein, etc.

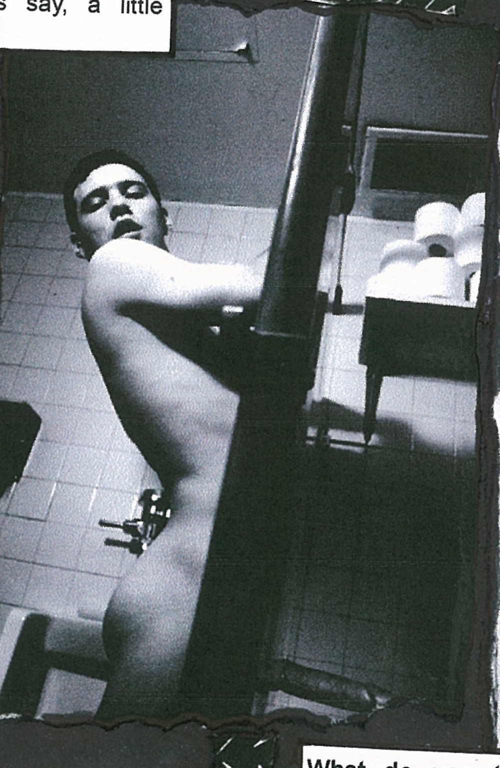
**You've directed NO SKIN OFF MY ASS (1991), SKIN GANG (1999)... What attract / interest you about skinheads? Violence, extreme side of it? It can sound a bit cliché, but i've seen many times tough skinheads going from street gay bashing to an assertive gay lifestyle. Is it something you have witnessed? – how can you explain this? Maybe the skinhead 'uniform', that scare and impress people, along with virility, attracted them first. And that violence towards what is inside us is a way to prove something, to themselves...?**
If I'm not mistaken, I believe my films may have contributed to the development of the gay skinhead look that became so popular in the late nineties. Skinheads all over used to hate gays and beat them up. In North America, in the punk heyday of the eighties, punks and skins were politically opposed to each other but united in their taste for the same hard, aggressive, fast and loud music called hardcore, out of which evolved the mosh pit. That's where I developed a taste for skinheads – I was turned on by their aggressive behaviour, their great sense of style, and the homoerotic nature of their male bonding rituals. In the eighties I used to get beat up by both punks and skinheads at hardcore shows for showing sexually explicit gay movies, which turned me on even more. I also had a relationship with a hustler who later transmogrified into a neo-Nazi skinhead, which was the inspiration for my first feature, No Skin Off My Ass, and for a series of short stories I wrote for my gay punk fanzine, J.D.s, which was made into a Canadian movie called Sugar. I made the mistake of letting him stay with me once when he needed a place, and I used to try to humiliate him into

abandoning his stupid extreme right wing political and racist views. After about three weeks he beat the shit out of me, so I kicked him out and never saw him again. In the nineties, the punks, who were more anarcho-left leaning, eventually drove all the fascist-leaning skinheads out of the scene. Neo-nazi, fag-bashing skinheads were banished from almost all major North American cities in the early nineties. But of course they still exist in Britain and Europe. My movies No Skin Off My Ass and Skin Flick are manifestly about the relationship between homosexuality and fascism. They investigate the attraction that some segments of gay culture have had traditionally for brutal and fascist figures: the police, the military, neo-Nazis, and other oppressive and aggressive archetypes. Skin Flick goes even further into the neo-Nazi phenomenon, examining how this subculture can be at once so homosexually charged and so homophobic. Several of my films, including the two skinhead ones, Hustler White, and The Raspberry Reich, are about subcultures whose members do not identify themselves as gay in any way, and who may even be homophobic, yet who practice homosexuality. It should be obvious that I take these issues seriously, even if I deal with them sometimes in a playful or mischievous way. I'm not doing it for sheer exploitation value, although like I always say, a little exploitation never hurt anyone.

**There are a lot of pornographic scenes in your films. Is there a real purpose behind the sex scenes or is it only made as an entertainment? Many fetichisms have their place in your movies, from amputees, transsexualism to S&M or urophilia. Have you ever thought about releasing a porn-only film one day?**

My films usually tend toward the pornographic. I express solidarity with pornographers, although I feel like I make more "art-porn". Although lately I've been thinking that all pornography is art, in a way. I started using gay pornographic imagery very early on as a kind of political tool to challenge and provoke people who are intolerant or hostile towards homosexuality. Strangely, I'm not really that interested in pornography per se; I'm more interested in what you can do with it as an ideological weapon. My biggest pet peeve is people who are more than willing to consume pornography, to buy it and watch it and use it to get off sexually, but then who look down their noses at the people who make and appear in pornography. It's the ultimate hypocrisy.





**Now, being gay is more accepted than some years ago. We can even say that it has been took over by mainstream. Do you feel close to this gay culture, of being part of something or do you feel aside from it?**

I'm pretty alienated from the gay scene. Gay assimilation has created a new "homonormativity", with many gays adopting conservative values that I have no interest in or connection with. I'm still interested in certain gay rebels and revolutionaries, such as some pornographers and transexuals. Otherwise, I don't really bother.

**What do you mean by "adopting conservative values" ? You're thinking of gay marriage?**

Not just gay marriage, but the gay mainstream distancing itself from the more extreme elements of the gay world that used to be more central to it, such as sex trade workers, transexuals, pornographers, the leather and S & M scene, etc. Also, the gay mainstream wanting to be included in some of society's most conservative institutions - organized religion, marriage, the military - and even adopting a moralistic or judgmental stance against sexual promiscuity, fetishes, and sexual radicalism in general.

**What do you think about the actual pornographic industry? Bisexual porn has made its apparition for some times, with porn filmmarkers such as Chi Chi La Rue who directed gay and straight movies and then made bi porn flicks. His movie Shifting Gears even made a polemic in the gay community following the « straight for pay » reference about homo actor Blake Riley fucking a woman, and liking it. Have you seen the movie? What is your point of view about it?**

I haven't seen that movie (I don't generally watch porn myself!), but I have to say that I did it first! In The Raspberry Reich, a movie about a female sexual terrorist who makes her straight male followers have sex with each other to prove their revolutionary commitment, I had a gay male porn star, Daniel Batscher, have sex with my female lead, Susanne Sachsse, in the opening scene. It was a kind of experiment for him, and he liked it! So did she! I'm not that interested in the porn industry per se because I think ninety per cent of what is made isn't that interesting. I'm even less interested since narrative has been removed from the equation, because that was always my favourite part! But there are some people doing interesting porn now. You see a lot of great stuff at the annual Porn Film Festival in Berlin, which was co-founded by my long-time producer, Jurgen Bruning.

**How was the reception of OTTO (2006) when it came out? It's pretty original to integrate gay sex scenes and strong girls in a zombie flick. Where the idea comes from?**
I've always integrated gay sex scenes and strong female characters from the beginning. You find that equation in my movies No Skin Off My Ass, Super 8 1/2, The Raspberry Reich, and Otto; or, Up with Dead People. When I published J.D.s with G.B. Jones, we made a point of making work that included males and females together - fags, dykes, transexuals - we were all inclusive. I recently made my first transexual porn, called Offing Jack, which is part of the omnibus movie "Fucking Different XXX". I made a short film with two F-M transexuals featuring an explicit sex scene.

**When i watched Otto, I felt a strong political vibe, that reminded me of what Romero did. You know, even it can sound stupid for some who only see a gore show, i think that Dawn Of The Dead for example is a really political film. The same for Night Of The Living Dead which dealt with black culture and racism. What do you think about it?**
Well, Romero is the master! I actually just wrote and essay on Romero's Diary of the Dead for Fangoria magazine in which I talk about how political and influential his zombie films are. Otto was heavily influenced by his zombie movies, but also by his vampire movie "Martin". Like Martin the vampire, Otto the zombie can be interpreted as a sick, alienated teenager who everyone perceives as some kind of monster.

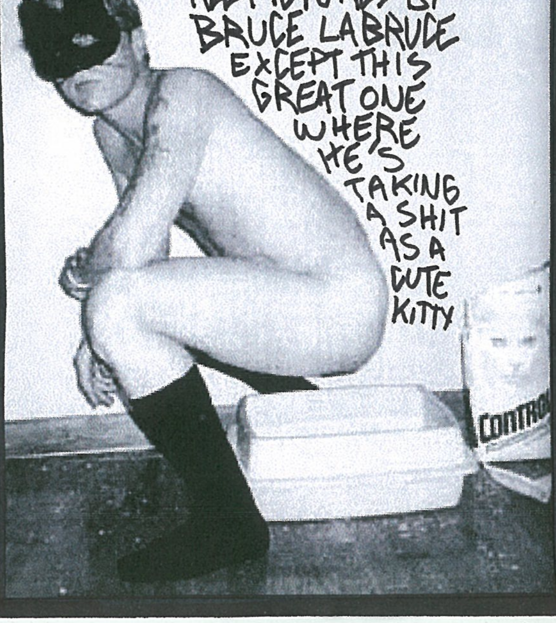
**Genesis P. Orridge (Psychic TV, Throbbing Gristle) has an appearance in Raspberry Reich. How did you meet him? Do you like his work?**
Yes, Genesis is a genius and a sexual revolutionary way ahead of his time. I guess I met him through mutual friends, and then finally hung out with him in New York and Berlin. I asked him to do a cameo in The Raspberry Reich, and then some of the footage that I didn't use ended up in the amazing documentary about him, The Ballad Of Genesis and Lady Jaye, directed by Marie Losier.

**Besides filming, you're also a photographer and a writer published in magazines, am i right? What job do you prefer, and for what magazines have you worked? Do you have other occupations or passions ?**
I am a writer, a photographer, a filmmaker, and an artist. For me it all comes from the same place. I was a contributing editor and frequent writer and photographer for Index magazine, and I've also been a regular contributor to Eye and Exclaim magazines, Dutch, Vice, the National Post, Nerve.com. and Black Book. I used to be a frequent photographer for the US porn mags Honcho and Inches (now defunct), and I've contributed to Butt, Kink, Jack, Currency, Kaiserin, and Slurp magazines, among many others. As a fashion photographer I've done work for Dazed and Confused, Bon, Tank, Tetu, Fake, Attitude, Blend, Tokion, Purple Fashion, Pref, and the National Post. I currently write a weekly column for Vice. As far as passions go, I am a complete cinephile!

**Without speaking of Sunset Boulevard, Hustler White sometimes reminds me of Andy Warhol's work (Flesh in particular), or Kenneth Anger. Are they some of your influence?**
Yes, of course. I am mainly inspired by the gay avant-garde: Jack Smith, Kenneth Anger, Peter Berlin, Jack Deveau, Peter de Rome, Wakefield Poole, Kurt McDowell, The Kuchar Brothers, John Waters, Fred Halsted, Paul Morrissey, Andy Warhol, etc. In terms of other styles of cinema I am inspired by too many to name, but among them John Cassavetes, Robert Altman, Jerry Schatzberg, Maya Deren, Agnes Varda, Jerry Lewis, Ida Lupino, John Schlesinger, Tony Richardson, Frank Perry, Antonioni, Passolini, Bunuel, Godard, Fassbinder, Bergman, and on and on and on.

**Angelique Bosio (that I interviewed in the first issue) has directed a documentary about you called The Advocate For Fagdom. How did the meet happen? How was the shooting, some funny anecdotes? What are your thoughts about the documentary?**
Angelique interviewed me a couple of times for her first documentary, Likk Your Idols, about the Cinema of Transgression, but she didn't end up using much of it, so she used it as a kernel to make a doc about me. She shot me on the set of The Raspberry Reich on the very last day of shooting - a sex scene on a public elevator - so it was quite memorable! I like the documentary because I think it's a nice, gentle introduction to my work designed for a more mainstream audience. I think she captures my political and romantic inclinations very well. I think, if anything, it's too nice to me!

**What are your future plans? Can we expect a new movie soon?**
I have a photography exhibit of all new work called "Obscenity" opening Feb 15th in Madrid. I have a new monograph of my work out, from my Italian distributor, entitled "Bruce(x)ploitation". I have three films in development, but it's still difficult for me to get movies off the ground. But eventually I get to a point where if I don't start making a feature film, I will go stark raving mad! So I will get one made eventually! Two of the titles I have currently in development are "Gerontophilia" and "Santo the Obscene".



# RON ATHEY

QUESTIONS BY RAPH GORDON

*It's hard for me to write an introduction for this interview... Ex-L.A. punk, ex-Rozz William(Christian Death)'s boyfriend, ex-drug addict, seropositive, extreme performance artist, writer, what other words can I use to describe Ron Athey? This man's life is incredible and so is his work...*

**Where did you grow up? Your work is dotted with religious symbols. Is there a link to your life as a child?**
I grew up in Pomona California, the gateway to the Inland Empire (i'm only proud of that regional reference after the same-named David Lynch film with the genius line, 'do you know how to get the bus to Pomona?') Yes the religious lens, raised Pentecostal in a Catholic neighborhood. So the obsession with Spiritualism and ecstasis is from my family's religion, but the iconography from catholic.

**What were your first contacts with punk rock?**
As a teen, between 15-18, I went to an all-ages disco called Odyssey, there was 'new wave' crossover, and also the streets around Okie Dogs, the look excited me before the sound.

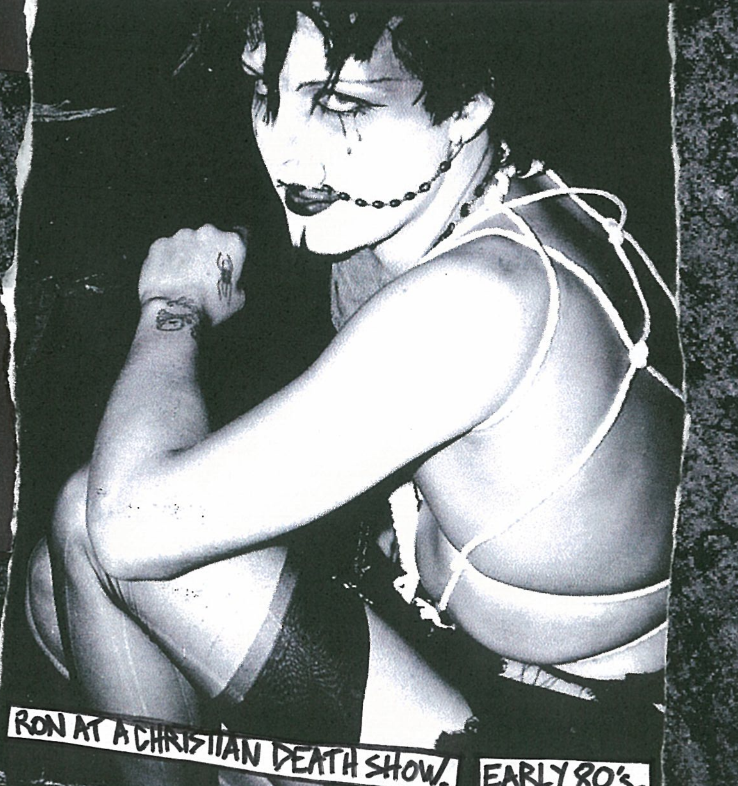
**What was Okie Dogs exactly?**
Santa Monica Blvd. (in the neighborhood we call East- West Hollywood) hustlery, druggy hangouts, no one was necessarily local but came thereabouts to be out of it and find action on the sex and drugs and money and punk rock front.

**How was the L.A. Punk scene back then? What were the best bands or venues? Is it true that cops were violent towards punks – I heard about some crackdowns at Black Flag gigs for example ?**
I don't know how real the crack downs were, I remember the walls in one venue collapsing, and the roundup during the Nash/Holmes Wonderland murder around Okie Dogs again of punks being thrown in paddy wagons. But you paid a price for being a freak, bottles thrown out of cars, aggressive questioning like you were demanding attention from regular people on the bus. But I wouldn't cry oppression, it was an exciting street life time when amazing prostitutes were still working the streets.

**Speaking about street prostitutes, what is your view about it? Do you think it should be legalized ? What has it to offer to this society? Do you have nice memories about this time, some anecdotes maybe?**
Of course it should be legalized. But I guess through escort agencies it sort of it, as long as it's invisible to the public. I miss the street prostitute days, nice view, both the crimped bleached haired fishnette women or big dicked men in flimsy synthetic shorts, the rampant exhibitionism is hard to imagine. The 60s into the 70s brought a lot of public sexual expression and tolerance. This continued into the 80s where it got locked up in a box with severe 40s shoulder pads.

**Christian Death shows were pretty famous at the time, really dark and original. I've read somewhere that you helped Rozz Williams being crucified at a gig?**
Whiskey-a-go-go. I tied Rozz to a cross, slashed his palms with a straight razor, put a wedding dress on him and a fiberglass clown head. Christian Death shows employed various theatrics.

**Were you involved in bands too (as an artist, or musician...) ? Was punk rock an influence to your future art work?**
Largely because of my involvement with the band member, Rozz in Christian Death, Eva O. in Speed Queens/Super Heroines, Edward Stapleton in Nervous Gender. Also Pomona is situated between LA and Orange Counties, so we went to gigs of Adolescents, TSOL, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, as well as LA clubs which would be also SF bands like Avengers and Dead Kennedy's. I think the influence of my future art work more came from the next wave, Industrial Music shows at the LA Press club, and Desert Exodus, which included Einstürzende Neubauten, NON, Factrix, Monte Cazzaza, and heavily, Throbbing Gristle.



RON AT A CHRISTIAN DEATH SHOW. EARLY 80's.

**In 1981 (during the first Christian Death break I believe), you formed PREMATURE EJACULATION with Rozz Williams. What was the purpose behind it? Something Absurd? What inspired you? I can think of William Burroughs for the cut up use, but did you know about the L.A. artist CHRIS BURDEN who made series of dangerous performance in the seventies, or Viennise Actionnists like Rudolf Schwarzkogler and Hermann Nitsch? I feel something very similar to them with Premature Ejaculation and your late work.**
Nietsche and COUM transmission. But more immediately, the performance artist Johanna Went, who often opened for bands like the Germs or Black Flag, and held up with a hardcore audience. The Burroughs / Gysin cutup technique, concepts of randomness, transforming the abject, trance state, definitely influenced us. The project started as a noise/sound concept, psycho/neuro acoustics, but imagined visuals / rituals havin' this power even more intensely. It was unselfconscious and largely intuitive.

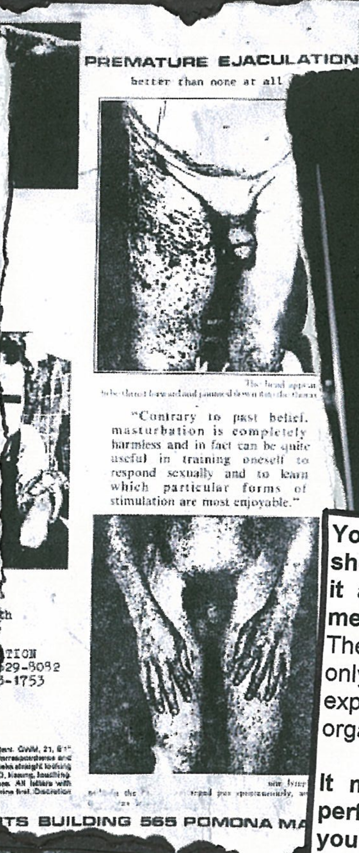
**Funny you talk about Burroughs and Gysin, because I just wrote an article about the Dream machine Gysin did, a stroboscopic flicker device that produce visions or hallucinations. Have you ever heard of it or try it?**
Yes and yes! And i think these ideas are being moved forward again in many ways. The quest for 'yage' has manifested, cut ups and randomness, a detached but dig-in stance to esoterica, are super important.

**You did very few gigs with Premature Ejaculaton. Could you tell us about them, They became very famous for their violence and provocation? I think you ate a dead cat on stage? How was the reception in the audience?**
We only did two PE gigs, both at Arts Building in Pomona, and one performance for camera for NoMag, which was in 1981. SM, ingesting roadkill, throwing things at the audience. The second performance, which was largely made up of members of OC bands, the audience made art shields!

**You know you're seropositive since 1986. I'm not seropositive, but when I think about people carrying this disease, for life, it's like having a loaded gun at your head everyday and not knowing if someone will or not, pull the trigger... How did you react when you learned about it? Has it played a rôle in your performances, in your work on human bodies? In the way you see life, and pain?**
This has been a crazy trip, because in 86 it was a death sentence. And now in 2012 I don't take meds, apparently I have a slow to non-progressive strain, and stay healthy. But the trauma from carrying it, living under a dark cloud that became not so dark, to a 'post aids' era where it's not the main issue, it's like there is something wrong with this picture. So much of how i think and the work I make came from this pressure chamber. Remember to listen to Diamanda Galas' Plague Mass, I saw it 2 times, and how it resonated like a proper mass for us affected. But it was also a unifying element as well.

**When did you start getting piercing and tattooed? Why did you decide to tattoo your face? Is it because you wanted to be considered as a marginal, out of the society? And, now that tattoos are well more accepted in society, do you think tattoos (or body art in general) have the same impact, the same importance as it used to have?**
The face was both fetishistic (the tears) and to be marginal (the spider), were my first ones. No, they can't have the same impact now that they're more common. And I feel lucky I met good artists – Bob Roberts and Leo Zulueta – at the very beginning. They are still important to me, but in a way i'm glad in traveling customs doesn't freak out as much as they used to!

**When and where did you start your performances?**
Premature Ejaculation and bands were the 80s. In the 90s I carried on being a dancer at club Fuck!, an early techno dance / bod mod party in silverlake. What started as piercing scenes developed into some of my most enduring images, like the st. Sebastian. And then at LACE and Highways, then to Chicago, New York and London within a couple years.



PREMATURE EJACULATION
better than none at all

"Contrary to past belief, masturbation is completely harmless and in fact can be quite useful in training oneself to respond sexually and to learn which particular forms of stimulation are most enjoyable."

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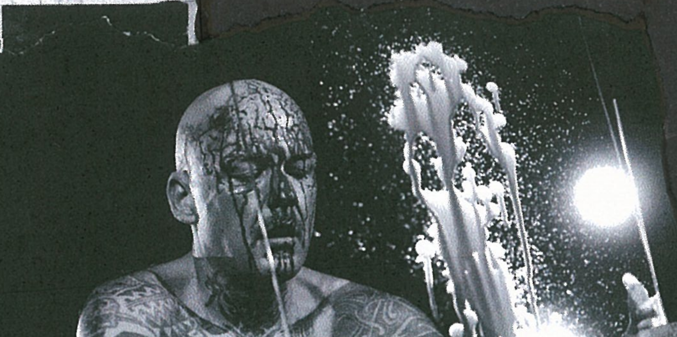
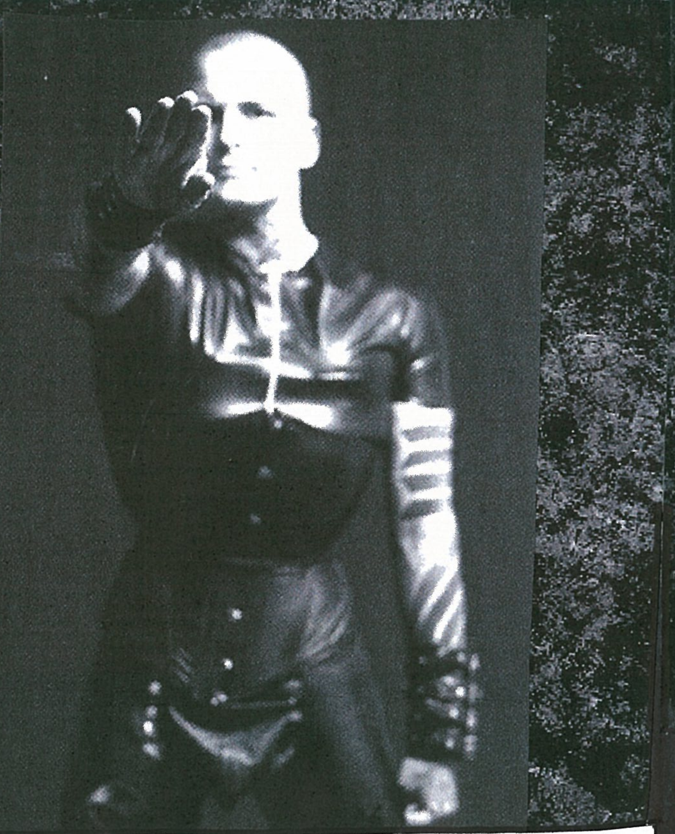


**You're dealing with pain and self mutilations in your shows. Is it only for entertainment, kind of S/M show, or is it a spiritual quest? Or a way to feel alive? Is there a message behind your performances?**
These practices morph in and out of personal/private, some only stay alive in art expression. I am into very intense body experiences in fucking that are beyond genital penetration and orgasm.

**It must have been subject to controversy to make art performance where you bleed in front of an audience when you're HIV positive?**
Well, I began doing bleeding work with PE, so this precedes my HIV status. And I never risked transmission, I only worked with the same material in different times, which have went full cycle. I think in Martyrs&Saints I did merge the HIV status with the martyr complex, but in other works it was not important, yet the polemic present.

**Is it when you were in the punk scene that you begun using drugs?**
Before, my drug problems were in part regional. There was a lot of heroin and pcp in high school.



**You mentionned two times projects leaded by Genesis P. Orridge and Cosey Fanni Tutti (COUM Transmissions and Throbbing Gristle). When did you discover their work and what does it represent for you? Do you think they had an influence on your work, or maybe you share the same purpose behind your separate works?**
When I was 19! I was fortunate also the time Rozz and I lived at Toxic Shock Records, which was rich with zines / publications and obviously music, but not only from that era, it was the other history, everything from yippie culture, Zappa, Residents, through TG, SPK, the beginning of the tabloids RE/Search, NoMag, and punk / underground culture sneaking in gay porn mags In Touch and After Dark.

**Do you see a difference between the S&M scene in the 80s and today?**
It was less exposed in the 80s, SM was one of the many things commodified and coopted in the 90s frenzy that made the term 'underground' obsolete.

**How was the atmosphere of the leather nights in LA in the 80s? I feel it like something new and rebel that was happening at the time. A new free area for gay people.**
Leather clubs / nights / sexclubs / afterhours were an epiphany for me. I couldn't get my head around the marlboro man clone of the late 70s. I just didn't know how to access it. And the leather moment then was over the top, public sex, body mods i had never seen (pumped and tied off giant nipples, P A s, scars, it was an entire realm that i wanted to explore, even moreso that it frightened me in that shaking in the chest feeling because it was so unknown, foreign to my experience!

**You were hosting GIMP nights in the early 2000s along with VAGINAL DAVIS. Coud you explain what was it about?**
G.I.M.P. Unlmted was a monthly performance and installation event, wherein vag and I were able to host other artists, local to LA and passing through town, without the usual year long wait to fit in the program of an arts venue. Typically we showed 3 performance acts and two installations. But this is very hard for a small door charge to cover. It evolved into Platinum Oasis, sponsored by OUTFEST film fest for two years, then visions of excess, which we programmed in Birmingham UK, London, Ljubljana Slovenia. I've carried on with this project with Lee Adams of the London club Kaos, and it has also shown in Copenhagen. The idea was to show multiple interactive installations that were truly interactive and not corny, that inspired interventions / actions and sexuality! And they often did.

**You also did performance tours with Vaginal Davis, right?**
Vag and I have performed on many of the same bills, and a few times together. Most recently in 2009 in Naples and museo MADRE.-

**You're living in London now, what is different in Europe compared to Los Angeles? Why did you choose to move?**
I have worked a lot in london and europe since the early 90s, and after 47 years in LA, needed a kick in the ass. I don't prefer to gloomy weather but it is an interesting challenge to start a life over again

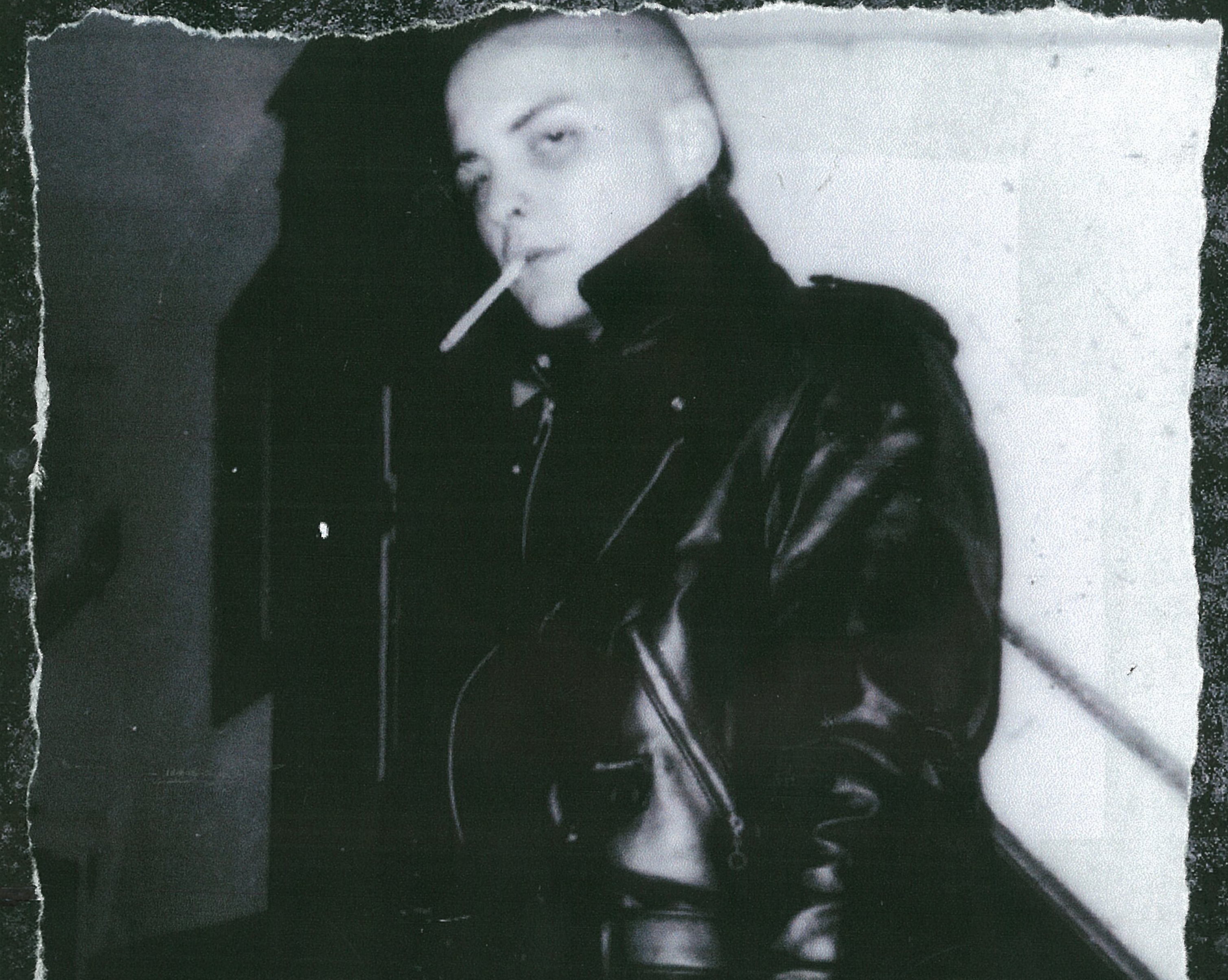
**You said to me you're currently working on a new book... Could you tell us about it?**
Pleading in the Blood is a monograph of my 30 years of performance, and will work on both an art history context and the way my work evolved out of scenes, as opposed to the academy. Writings by myself, the editor Dominic Johnson, academics Amelia Jones and Adrian Heathfield, amazing socio-political / sexual writer Patrick Califia, arts journalist Cynthia Carr (aka C.Carr from Village Voice NYC heyday), Lydia Lunch, as well as many of my collaborators soprano / musicologist Juliana Snapper, artist and movement performer Julie Tolentino, Slava Mogutin, Franko B., and more! Still gathering photos, is such a look at how media changed from the 80s to the mid 90s/digital age.

**Have you ever thought about writing novels or poems?**
I used to write journalism, I write essays and prose, but not poems or novels!

**Your performance, The Solar Anus, is a direct referance to George Bataille's essays. Are French writers a part of your influences in your work? (if it does, Who do you like to read in particular?)**
Absolutely, my self-education is francophile heavy, starting with Jean Genet, and going up to my philisophy studies reading Deleuze. Of course the Beats and Patti Smith were instrumental in helping me understand another way of life when i had teenage angst / isolation and felt hopeless. Hubert Selby Jr... Here i could go on forever!

**What are your current or future plans (except the book)? Will you be back on the road soon?**
I am still working on a large experiment, Gifts of the Spirit: Automatic Writing, a performance installation that requires 30+ persons, a hypnotist, workshopping, and Othon Mataragas playing auto-composition on piano. This is a bit more ambiant, using my memoir as a starting point for 16 automatic writers, then going to 6 typists on manual typewriters (think of this as a soundscore as well), to 2 cut-up editors. And they are read back, the algorithm from a collective unconcious. I have shown this in london and manchester, and just finished the last performance of my solo Self Obliteration cycle in New York City on my 50th birthday, which was December 16th.

LYDIA LUNCH AND RON



"NEW YEAR'S EVE 1983, TWEAKING ON CRYSTAL METH

AT A FRIEND'S LOFT IN DOWNTOWN L.A."

# BEHIND THE CIRCLE

Anyone interested in a way or another in hardcore punk must know the Germs. This L.A. Band who put out in1979 one of the best and most influential punk record of all time, G.I.

Know mostly for their chaotic live shows, and for the charisma of the singer, Darby Crash, because ending a gig with his body covered with peanut butter or in blood, after having slashed his chest while mumbling some lyrics next to the mic has become usual business. Another distinction of the Germs was their enigmatic logo, the blue circle.

The legend says Darby came up one day with this blue circle idea and thought it would make a great logo for the band. Soon after, the band members (and their devoted fans as well) were appearing with armbands showing the circle, mocking the nazi imagery used in punk rock by Sid Vicious or Siouxsie Sioux.

Around 1996, when A Small Circle Of Friends : Germs' tribute, was released, guitarist Pat Smear said about the blue circle logo: *« I dont know what it meant, [Darby] had some little speech at the time, but I cant recall. I always thought the blue circle was like his blue eyes, but I might be wrong. Darby himself was adamant about the symbol, even prompting interviewers to ask him about the meaning of the armband, and the more permanent show of allegiance, the Germs Burn.* (when a Hardcore Germs fan is getting a cigarette burn on the wrist from someone in the circle) *»*

But, the other day, while I was watching this great documentary, Unknown Images : The Vietnam War (1997), I had to rewind and press pause when I noticed something that instantaneously stroke me. Exactly the same blue circle that the Germs used as a logo, painted on a dark green helicopter. As usual, I don't need much to stay awake for hours and think about anything that comes to me. So I began to put forward hypotheses in my head, questions that may remain without answers but whatever!

[redacted]

Born in September 1958, Darby Crash belongs to the generation that has literally grown up with the Vietnam war. Vietnam, the first war that quasi entirely became a daily reality show for American families.Bloodsheds, insane battles against an invisible enemy in the jungle, the commies–hunt made the glory days of the small screen. As General Westmorland said : « We won every battle until we lost the war »...

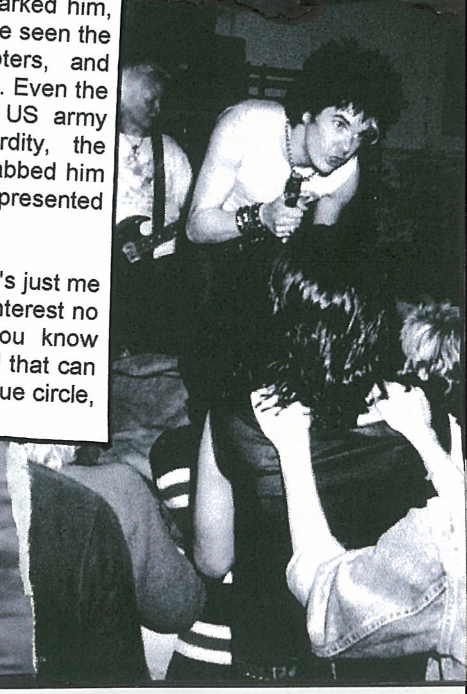
According to Lori Weiner, who interviewed a lot of Darby's parents and relatives for her limited edition publication released in the early 90s, Wild Eyed Boy : the Darby Crash Story, he was fascinated by culture from an early age. Darby was always encouraged to read, and his intellectual curiosity was vast. Weiner also stated that when he was a kid, his hair past his shoulders, he grew up actively opposed to the Vietnam war.

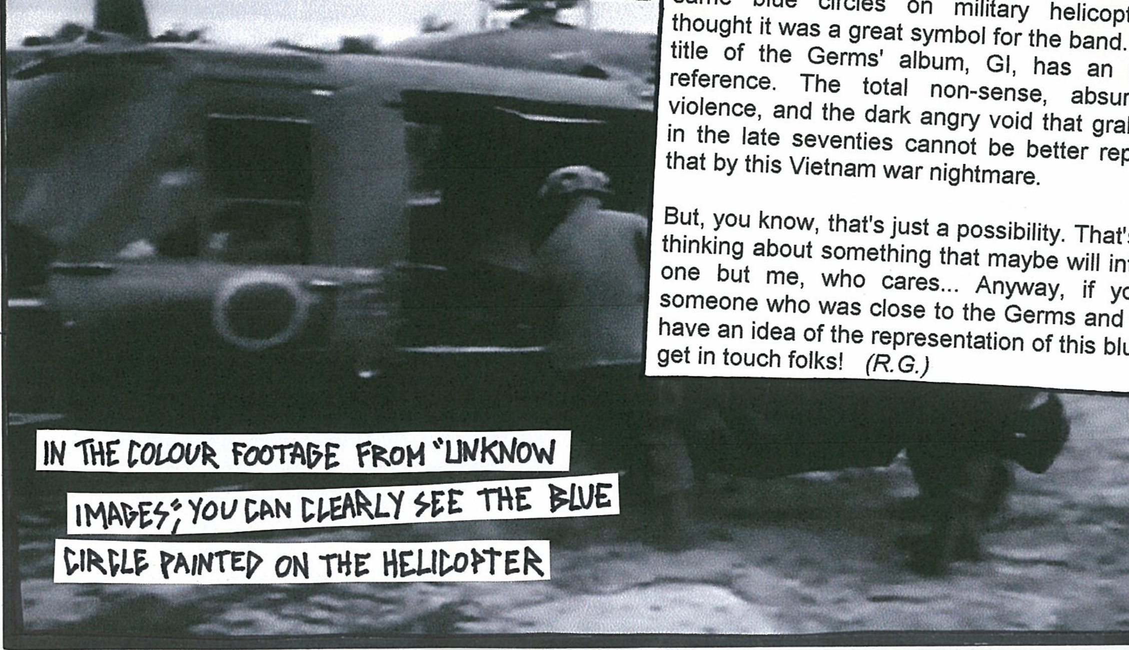
Vietnam trauma in America may have marked him, and for whatever reason, Darby could have seen the same blue circles on military helicopters, and thought it was a great symbol for the band. Even the title of the Germs' album, GI, has an US army reference. The total non-sense, absurdity, the violence, and the dark angry void that grabbed him in the late seventies cannot be better represented that by this Vietnam war nightmare.

But, you know, that's just a possibility. That's just me thinking about something that maybe will interest no one but me, who cares... Anyway, if you know someone who was close to the Germs and that can have an idea of the representation of this blue circle, get in touch folks! *(R.G.)*

GERMS

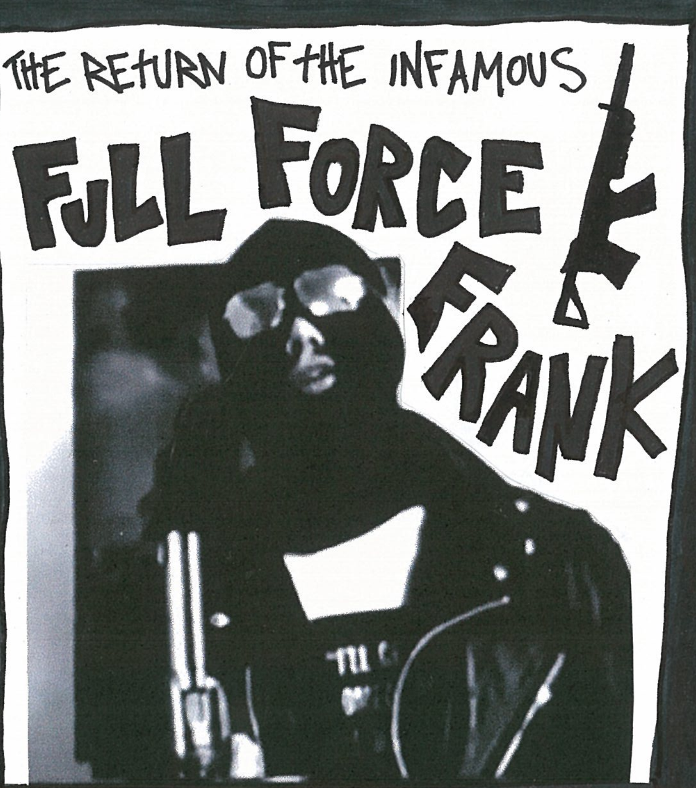
GERMS





IN THE COLOUR FOOTAGE FROM "UNKNOW IMAGES", YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE THE BLUE CIRCLE PAINTED ON THE HELICOPTER

# THE RETURN OF THE INFAMOUS FULL FORCE FRANK



Back in the late 80s and early 90s, Full Force Frank made some noise in the underground scene with his notorious murder-obsessed xeroxed fanzines called Singin' Dose Anti Psychotic Blues and Livin' In A Powder Keg And Givin' Off Sparks. Adam Parfrey, owner of Feral House publishing, even decided to interview him for the second edition of his cult book Apocalypse Culture. « Frank, talk from a psychopath ». An insane man expressing his obsession towards violence, particularly mass murders, and women's feet. At the time, a copy of his fanzine could even be traded against a pair of used women's heels.

There had been much speculations over his identity throughout the years, who can be hiding behind this mysterious figure? We don't know much about him. According to Parfrey, Frank is a Brooklyn loner psycho, who was mentally, physically and sexually abused as a child. He grew up with a mind filled with anger and hate, not capable of any emotion. He said is soul is dead. *« I've been a dead soul psychopath since the age of 15 when I stabbed my father in the chest »*. After nine months spent in Creedmore Psychiatric Center in New York, where he was drugged and had taken the oath of being under chemical straightjacket for the next five years, Frank was back home.

As an adult, Frank was/is living on the edge, hoping to go on a rampage someday, and to kill at least two dozens of people, his parents included. Psychopathic deeds and antisocial behaviour became his raison d'être. He was so outspoken about his killing plans that, according to him, even the FBI came looking for him. The issue came from an article from his fanzine, titled 'Handy hints for a messier massacre : a guide to maximizing the mass murderer's kill count.'

*The making of a successful massacre involves the following: good guns, a powerful and LARGE quantity of ammunition, good shooting technique, element of surprise attack, inability of victims to escape from confined areas, good mental state of gunman, attack of a poorly defended location, and a single and clear-cut goal. In MY opinion, this is THE basic checklist of the ingredients needed for a successful massacre.*

The record to break for mass killings in the USA using GUNS (it is important to Frank) is 21. On July 18 1984, James Oliver Huberty walked into a McDonalds in California and shot 21 people dead. But 21 is not so much to him. He can do better.
In this article, he gives advices to shoot, to choose your weapon, your ammunitions, or the perfect place.

*The next point is "picking a poorly defended place to attack". This is a bit more complicated. Obviously, to maximize the body count, you do not attack a police station. You may kill 3 or 4 pigs, but since there is an abundance of firearms there, eventually a pig will shoot you! I'm not knocking this idea- it's damn decent... but if you wish to achieve a maximum body count, it's the WRONG way to go!*

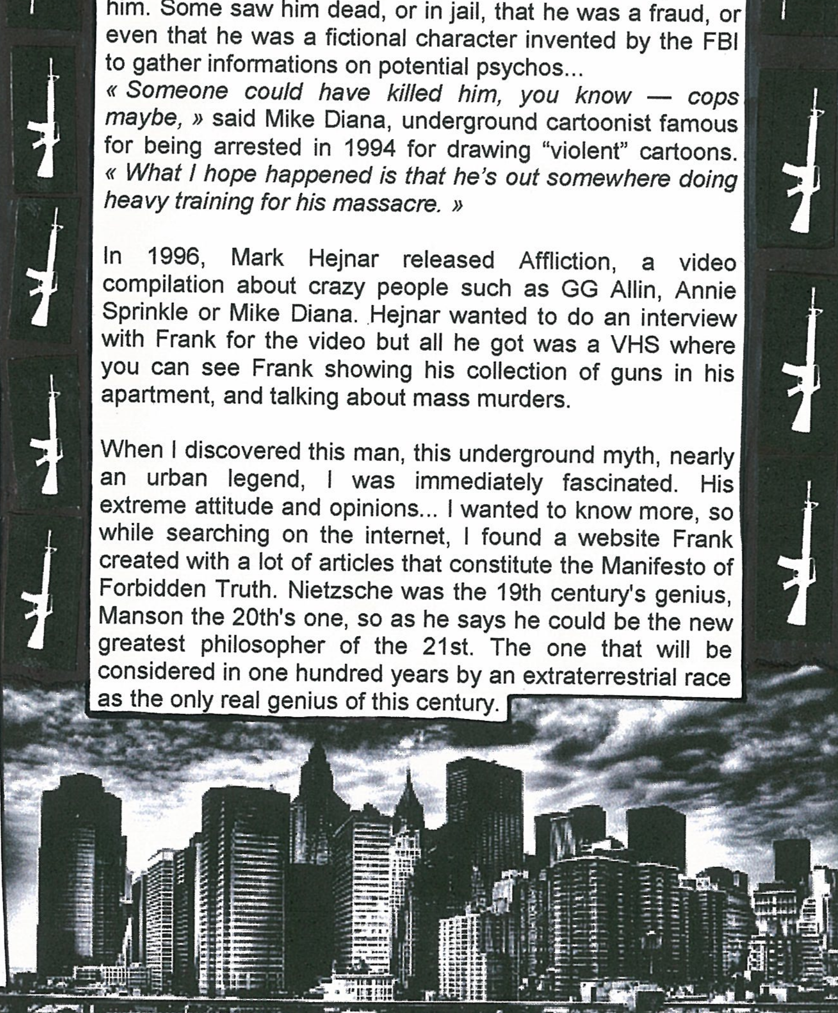
One of the last advices is about the mental.
*Sometimes a gunman has been found to be HIGH on drugs and/or alcohol at the time of the massacre. This is NOT common. Most massacres occur when the gunman is COMPLETELY SOBER. My personal opinion is that a person who is stone-cold sober as he massacres his victims is more likely to get genuine pleasure from the killings. More importantly, the massacre will be a completely honest and true expression of his anger, rather than having the emotions expanded or diluted by drugs and/or alcohol.*

*I feel that this is even MORE important if the gunman plans to NOT commit suicide- If he is captured, he will spend the REST OF HIS LIFE either in jail or a mental hospital. The WONDERFUL MEMORY of HIS massacre will have to sustain him for the REST OF HIS LIFE! If he was high during the massacre, his memory could easily be distorted or blurry. On the other hand, if he was stone sober, the details will remain etched on his mind and soul for as long as he lives, at least this is my opinion.*

In late summer 1991, when Full Force Frank disappeared from the scene, Obscure fanzine interviewed some people who wrote to him to know what they were thinking about him. Some saw him dead, or in jail, that he was a fraud, or even that he was a fictional character invented by the FBI to gather informations on potential psychos...
*« Someone could have killed him, you know — cops maybe, »* said Mike Diana, underground cartoonist famous for being arrested in 1994 for drawing "violent" cartoons. *« What I hope happened is that he's out somewhere doing heavy training for his massacre. »*

In 1996, Mark Hejnar released Affliction, a video compilation about crazy people such as GG Allin, Annie Sprinkle or Mike Diana. Hejnar wanted to do an interview with Frank for the video but all he got was a VHS where you can see Frank showing his collection of guns in his apartment, and talking about mass murders.

When I discovered this man, this underground myth, nearly an urban legend, I was immediately fascinated. His extreme attitude and opinions... I wanted to know more, so while searching on the internet, I found a website Frank created with a lot of articles that constitute the Manifesto of Forbidden Truth. Nietzsche was the 19th century's genius, Manson the 20th's one, so as he says he could be the new greatest philosopher of the 21st. The one that will be considered in one hundred years by an extraterrestrial race as the only real genius of this century.

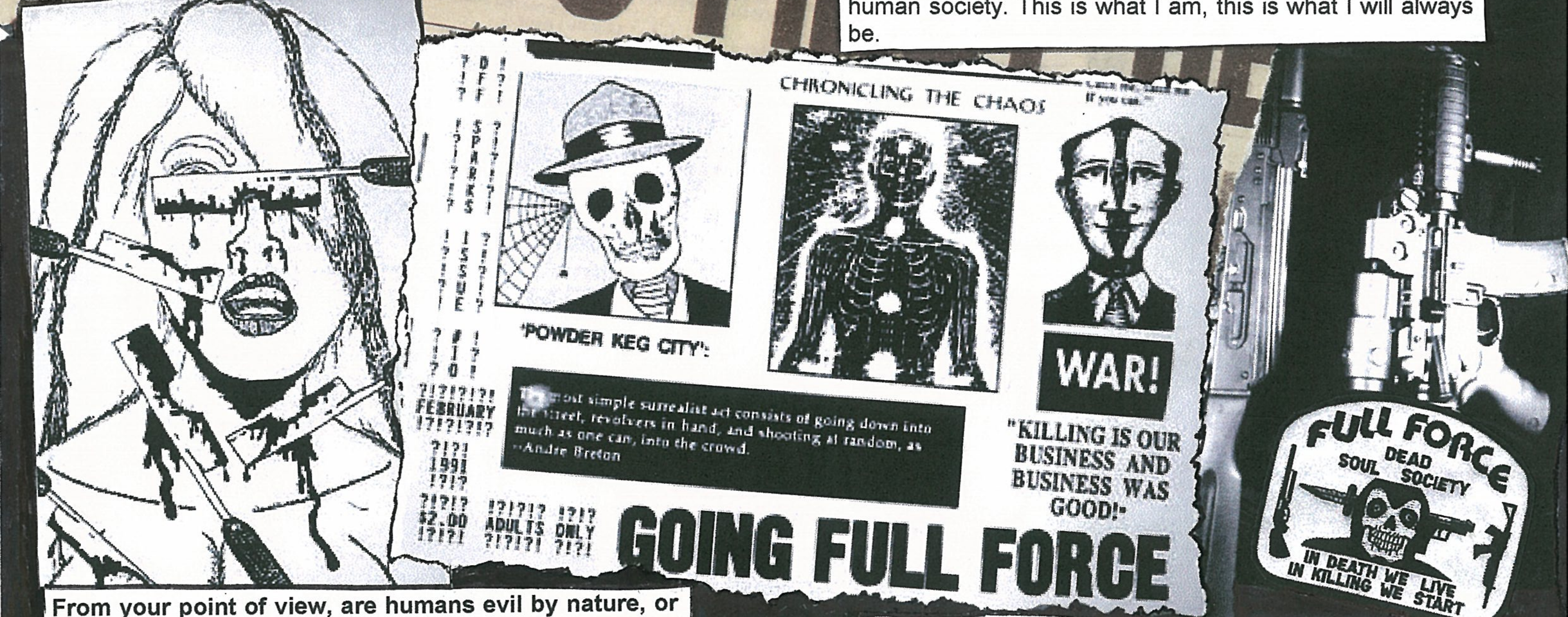


**When did your aversion for the human race begin?**
My earliest memories from age 3 and 4 involve fear, pain, suffering, & terrorization at the hands of my mother and father. Every human I had contact with throughout my childhood inspired only negative emotions. At the age of 6, standing in a school playground, I consciously vowed that I would never live my life as a human being, on par with the humans who infest this planet.

**In your fanzine and for the text published in Apocalypse Culture, you talked about doing mass murders. Do you still have this project in mind?**
None of your business. Each of us has a sacred entitlement to reflect our True Reality in all that we choose to do. I reflect My True Reality in all that I choose to do.

**Apparently, these statements caused you trouble with the FBI. What happened? Did they taped your phone or came at your house or something?**
None of your business.

**Could you sum up your Manifesto of Forbidden Truth to us?**
The Manifesto of Forbidden Truth is an unfinished document, currently sized at close to 1 million words, in which I expose and dissect all of the Forbidden Truths of humanity, revealing it to be a pathetic species that is currently in the death throes of devolution, doomed to a near term species-wide extinction of which it is most deserving. I have created The Manifesto of Forbidden Truth to honor Myself and to honor Truth, of which I am an extension. I have no desire to attract readers or supporters, nothing I do is intended to appeal to humans, as they are unworthy of any such overtures.



The most simple surrealist act consists of going down into the street, revolvers in hand, and shooting at random, as much as one can, into the crowd.
--Andre Breton

Succumbing to Art's Psychotic Embrace

**From your point of view, are humans evil by nature, or is it society and what they teach to children that make humans evil?**
Human beings are a birth defect species. They exist today due to a primate being born with a genetically deformed brain, who managed to survive long enough to fornicate with another primate resulting in offspring with deformed brains, and here we are 50,000 years later, the mutant species has taken over the planet. Every generation of human adults consists of tortured, traumatized, & victimized children, who are emotionally compelled to destroy every generation of children in cathartic reflection of how they were destroyed when they were children. Within this cycle, positive evolution is an impossibility, resulting in pathological devolution of the species. Every stupidity, every inferiority, every derangement ever concocted by the mutant human brain is destined to remain a vibrant force,to mutate over time to ever greater degrees of ideological & behavioral perversity. Human societal & governmental leaders consist of the most highly malignant specimens of humanity, and because humans are a slave-based species, the vast majority craving personal enslavement & desperate to be led like sheeple and told what to think and do, the leadership is always & will always be able to guide the Unwashed Masses down the most malicious & perverse paths of belief & behavior.
To answer your question more succinctly, there is profound genetic brain function weakness & disease within humanity, that isruthlessly & pathologically exploited by leaders who are themselves both mentally dysfunctional via genetics, as well as overtly evil within their own conscious & subconscious need to avenge the torments of their childhoods.

**On your website Forbidden Truth, you emphasize martyrs/victims of society, like Charles Manson, Dennis Nilsen or Charles Starkweather. What made them victims to you? Because most people would say they're only insane criminals and nothing more.**
"People" are garbage. What people say is meaningless to any seeker of Truth, or to any creature with a sane mind. All human beings are tortured victim creations, reflecting the sum total of their life experiences with as much grace & accuracy as they are capable. The more violent & anti-human an individual is in his actions, the greater a victim of injustice, suffering, and victimization he is. The proof of how much you have been victimized is in how dynamically you reflect your victimization upon others, be it through physical violence or a myriad of other venues.
Charles Manson, Dennis Nilsen, and Charles Starkweather are not victims "to me." They are victims. Your inability or refusal to recognize this Truth has no bearing upon the Truth itself.

**Do you recognize yourself in these victims of society?**
I am a tortured victim creation of 20th and 21st century human society. This is what I am, this is what I will always be.

**You must have been labelled a lot too, as a psychopath, insane, because of your ideas, right?**
Labels are a blocking mechanism used by society to deny, reject, and hide from all Truth. Whatever label is attached to Me by any human being, is a reflection of their personal inferiority, blindness, and malice. It does not define Me, it defines them. I know what I am, I know exactly what I am and why I am what I am.

**You base a big part of your manifesto on childhood. Child abuse (physically, emotionally or physically) seems to be an important theme to you.**
I do not have themes. I reveal Truths. The vast majority of all Truths regarding humanity are foundationally rooted within the childhood experience of being conceived as an instinctually pure creature with a natural thirst for Truth, and then subjected to a brutal, unrelenting campaign of soul, mind, body, ego, self-love destruction that is overtly

**Most of the 'serial killers' lived through this, along with a lot of people who didn't go this far but has to live on with this feeling of rage, or with this broken mind. I know you have a lot to say about this topic, but can you tell us a bit?**
Every adult is broken. I am broken, I rebuilt Myself like Frankenstein's Monster by transcending my humanity. Most adults reflect their torment upon children, as instructed to do by your genocidally evil societies. Most adults torture themselves throughout their lives in reflection of the self-hatred their society instilled within their core consciousness via ego destruction. All rage is justified, all expressions of rage are organically valid. Let us reserve greatest pity for the suicide victim, the self-haters and self-abusers who far outnumber the external murderers. Let us honor the external murderers for finding the strength to not allow their evil society to compel them to destroy or harm themselves.

Each of us is a pale reflection of the malice, evil, immorality, injustice, of human society, culture, and government. We are created victims who deserve to always be recognized and treated as torture victims. I do not need to glorify murder. I glorify Truth, all who express Truth, in any way that is accurately reflective, receive my honor and respect.

***"I knew a guy that used to work in the stockyards and he used to kill cows all day long with a big sledgehammer, and then go home at night and eat dinner with his children and eat the meat that he slaughtered. Then he would go to church and read the bible, and he would say, 'That's not killing.' And I look at him and I say, 'That doesn't make any sense, what are you talking about?' "***

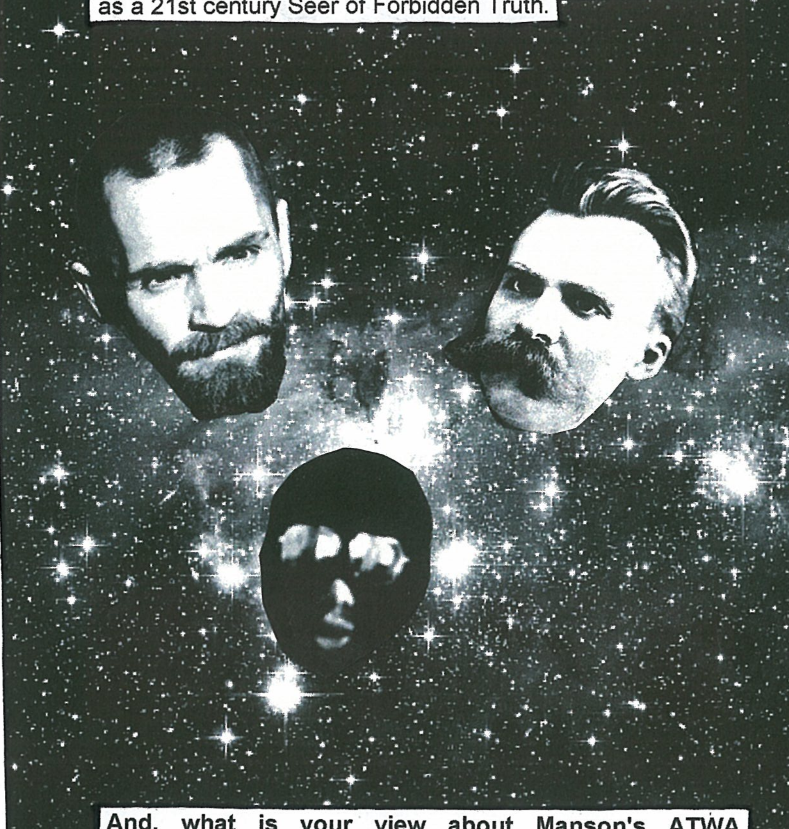
**This Charles Manson's quote shows every hypocrite aspect of the human race to me. First, they seem to have the right to kill what they have judged inferior to them, without calling it a murder, and then go to church, to be washed from all their sins.**
Charles Manson was, is, will always be a top-level Seer of Forbidden Truth. His insights of clarity into the True nature of humanity should inspire all who seek to uncover & decimate the toxic lies, myths, illusions, delusions, and hypocrisies that constitute human existence in the 21st century. My Manifesto honors Charles Manson via direct quote and via comprehensive analysis and further development of his brilliant insights.

Humans are the most inferior species of life on planet earth, behaviorally, ideologically, and instinctually. Every choice humanity makes, every path it follows, is the stupid, the blind, the inferior path, the path of genocide against nature, against superior species of life, and against every created, instinctually pure human fetus and newborn baby. Every atrocity experienced by humanity, is earned by humanity. The species extinction that it will suffer in the near term is simply an accurate reflection, reflective justice, for the reign of unparalleled terror that humanity has committed upon planet earth and against every single creature misfortunate enough to have been conceived within the human species.

**What was the first time you heard about Manson?**
I was 7 years old and watching the news on television.
**And when did you begin to get really interested in his philosophy?**
Age 8.

**In what way did it affect your own life?**
Superior humans seek out all that can empower them to stand up against their society & government. Superior humans seek Truth relentlessly and pathologically, recognizing that Truth is the only path to freedom. Life is filled with malicious misdirections of Truth. When you find a pure message and/or messenger of Truth, you owe it to yourself to seize this precious gift and devote all resources possible to using the gift to achieve the maximum degree of personal strength and power possible for you, given the limitations of your True Reality.

Throughout my lifetime, to this very day, July 11, 2012, I remain a builder of Self, a lover of Truth, a devotee of all that empowers. Truth is the greatest weapon in the world, it is handed down sparingly, from the very few humans who found the courage to embrace it and to express it. I honor Myself, in paying daily homage to Seers such as Charles Manson and Friedrich Nietzsche, whose expressions of Truth have allowed Me to achieve personal untouchability as a 21st century Seer of Forbidden Truth.



**And, what is your view about Manson's ATWA philosophy? (ATWA is his ecological vision of the world, meaning Air Trees Water Animals, and All The Way Alive)**
I have my own philosophies, I do not embrace or parrot any philosophies of others. Personally, I have nothing against planet earth, the air,the trees,the water, or any species of life other than humans. Humans are a plague, an infestation that cannot be tolerated by those of us who fully recognize the horrors it has brought against the planet itself. Humans are doomed to extinction, thankfully. There is no need for Me to personally seek to achieve this goal, it is your doing. If the trees & animals & plants flourish in the wake of human extinction, as I suspect they will, that's fine. They are innocent victims of humanity, just as I am, and just as every other tortured victim creation is.

**Let me ask you a personnal question, what do you do for a living?**
None of your business.

**How can a man so full of hatred towards human beings can survive in this world?**
Quite easily, because the limitless hatred I proudly embrace towards all of humanity is exceeded by the limitless &unconditional love that I have found the strength to create, nurture, & maintain for Myself. In transcending my humanity I have become a god-equivalent, to Myself. Hatred is an empowering emotion, a nourishing and nurturing emotion, when properly directed and focused. Human society seeks to inspire self-hatred and destroy self-love. As the mortal enemy of human society I have reversed this malicious abomination and taken it to the ultimate level of personal empowerment, by directing limitless hatred upon humanity and embracing limtless love for Myselfd, simultaneously.

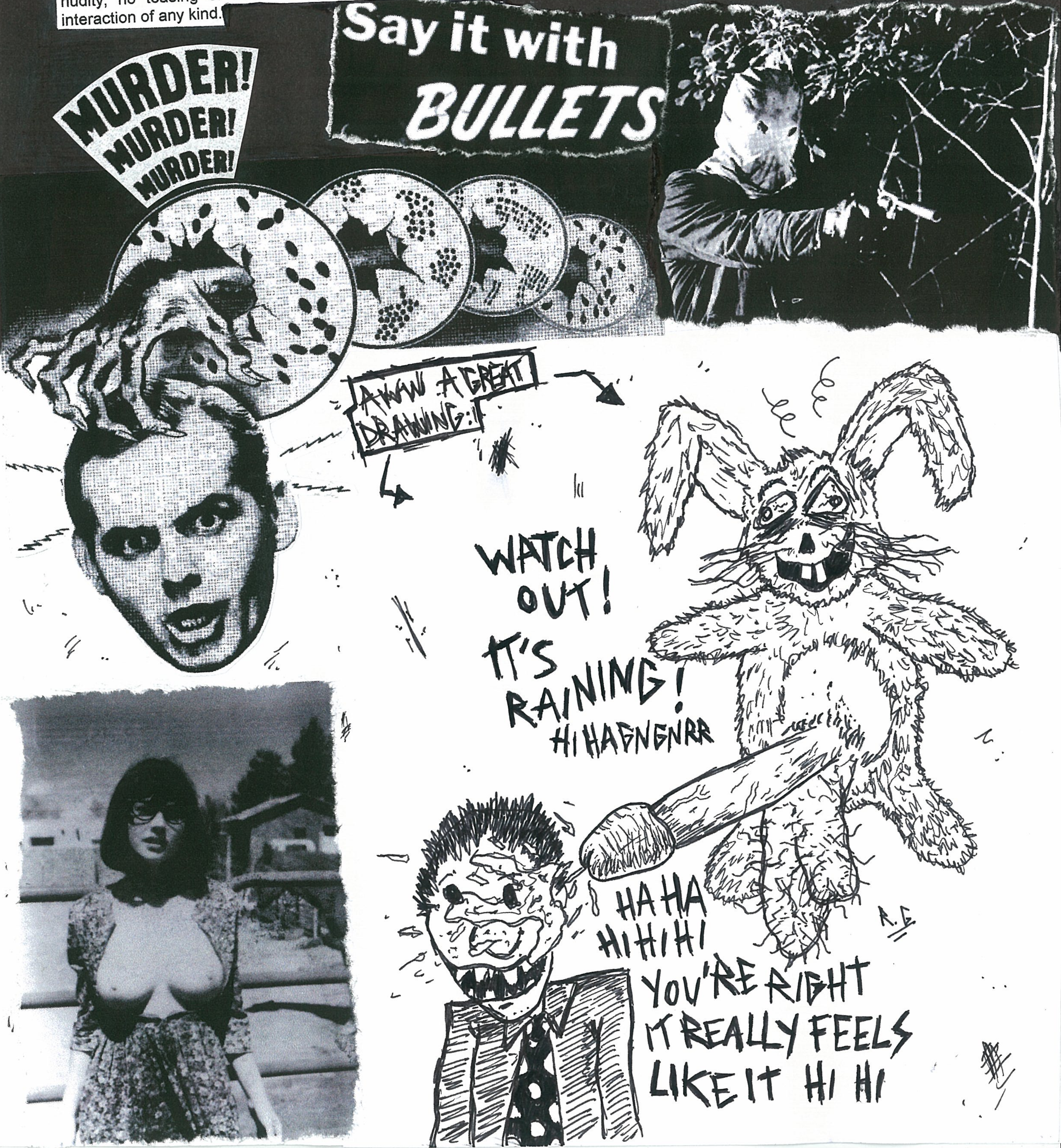
**You once said you were obsessed with two things : murders and women's feet. I now understand the first, but about the second, how and when this happened?**
There is nothing "normal" about finding breasts or asses or sexual intercourse or oral sex, sexually arousing. All sexual arousal is inspired by the mind. My mind is not under the control of society, it is under my control. I choose what sexually excites me. It is True that as a child I had encounters with women that involved female foot pain,deformity,and limping, and I chose to sexualize these images & ideas within my mind. As an adult, I embrace my unique fetish,strengthen and wallow in it, for several reasons. It allowes me limitless opportunities to sexually climax without any direct human contact. It allows me to experience sexual arousal and climax in public, with the objects of my arousal having no idea that their actions or physical condition is causing sexual arousal.It requires no nudity, no teasing or come-ons by women, no human interaction of any kind.

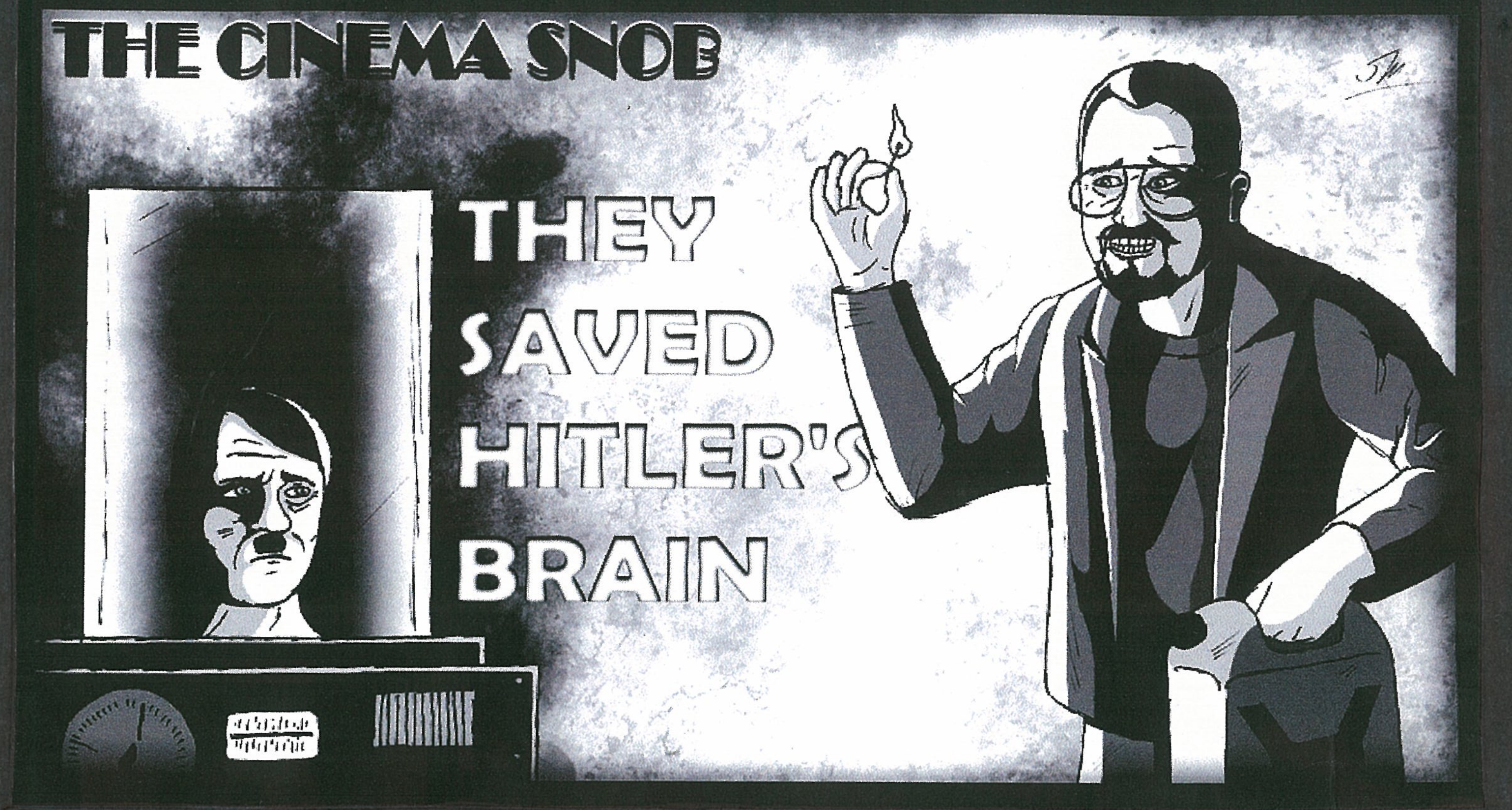
Superior humans choose their obsessions, they do not allow their obsessions to choose them. There is a profound difference. All of my obsessions, while initially inspired by circumstances not under my direct control, are in fact chosen by me. My obsessions are under my control

**If you had to do a mass murder this week, what weapon(s) would you choose?**
None of your business.

**What would you do to prepare yourself?**
I am always prepared to do anything that my True Reality inspires me to do.

You may access My Manifesto at:
**http://forbiddentruth.8k.com/index.html**


Say it with BULLETS
MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!
AWW A GREAT DRAWING:!
WATCH OUT! IT'S RAINING! HI HAGNGNRR
HA HA HI HI HI YOU'RE RIGHT IT REALLY FEELS LIKE IT HI HI
R.G.



# THE CINEMA SNOB

BY ANTOINE ZERO

Fuck fuck fuck, today is Music Day in France, which means every shitty amateur bands covering Radiohead and/or Bob Marley are in the streets playing their awful nightmarish positive vibes to tired of life people who couldn't give two shits.

There is a west indies bar/restaurant in front of my building, these fuckers set up a sound system to play their fuckin annoying Zouk music as loud as possible, it's kind of hard for me to focuse on the few ideas I had for this intro. One of these cunt is even playing with some kind of sampler, launching the same laser noise over the already bad music, sometimes ten times in a row completely out of time ! My only hope is in the hands of the depressive as fuck parisian weather, it's kind of rainy but I wouldn't mind if 2012 could wake the fuck up right now know what I mean?

Annnnnnnnnnnnyway... In our first issue we had this really good interview with Robin Bougie, doing the Cinema Sewer and Sleazy Slice zines. It was a really interesting chat about the darkest sides of the reel, or the coolest, depends how far the stick is stuck in your asshole.

You could even say that was the most political interview we ever done, trying to expose an interesting but rare point of view about b-movies, pornography or sexuality in general. It's important to have a serious look at this kind of stuff, we have to show where we stand about the movies we love and why we're into them.
It's also difficult to be into that kind of shit without a wide and open mind, but i think a strong sense of humour might helps too.

So for once, let's just forget about nihilistic hardcore music and incest rape porn and allow Sex Before Suicide to direct you to something funny, something funny but which is still focused on sleazy stuff... That's when Brad Jones comes in.

This guy is doing triple Z movies and old porn flicks reviews on his own website since a few years now, under the Cinema Snob character. Interpreting the role of a tight ass critic, this guy is one of the funniest net reviewers I've seen. Probably the funniest actually. Giving shit to stuff that are already shit like E.T. the porno (which one?) or the Chester Novell Turner movies, this guy does a great mix of jokes about other shitty movies with plain sarcastic humour, I never missed his weekly reviews. He created a freakin' good character and he's really good at it, I never saw his movies but from watching his other series available on his site, this guy can act, something other web reviewers cannot do, which makes it sometimes embarrassing to watch. Just like some people doing zines can't write.

Hyper activist, this dude also writes and directs his own indie movies, and does different comedic stuff like 80's Dan or Kung Tai Ted, that sometimes work and sometimes not for me, but we're mostly focused on his Snob persona for this interview.
Check Brad Jones website, on which you can find pretty much all of his work :  http://thecinemasnob.com/

**Could you introduce yourself and your « Snob » character to our readers please ?**
Well, my name is Brad Jones, I run the comedic website thecinemasnob.com which revolves around all different kinds of exploitation and genre flicks. I've also made some movies of my own movies, I did a few thrillers ("Freak Out," "Cheap" and "Midnight Heat") plus a couple of comedies ("Game Boys" and "The Hooker with a Heart of Gold"). About five years ago I created a character called The Cinema Snob, which basically just started out as a hobby because I had a lot of free time back then. The Cinema Snob is essentially a spoof of very high brow mainstream critics, who riffs along with older exploitation flicks. I've been doing that since 2007.

**I know that you're a huge fan of Mystery Science Theater 3000 and it obviously has an influence on you, but is there any fanzine, any writer/books or anything else « paper related » that had any influence on you ?**
Roger Ebert quite honestly. The Snob character is very much inspired off of the volcanic rage he threw at "Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter" back in 84. I thought that was hilarious. I never thought someone could get so mad and offended at a slasher movie like that. Then he and Siskel raged at "Silent Night, Deadly Night" and named the producers on the air, as if they were supposed to be ashamed. But, you know, I really did grow up watching those guys, and I still read Ebert's print stuff. I giggled at how far he took his anger at exploitation movies, but quite honestly, his very negative reviews are extremely funny. I don't mean that as in they're funny because I disagree with them, I mean he's very good at creating humor in his negative reviews. Even when I disagree, he'll have a joke that makes me laugh. Siskel was good at that too.

**It must be great to have a total freedom on your work, with nothing in between your videos and people watching it. Would you be willing to cut on some stuff (like no more porn reviews or no more swearing for instance) if you'd had the opportunity to broadcast your videos to an even larger audience or is your website and the freedom it allows enough for you ?**

Well, I don't have total freedom, since I still can't show any kind of nudity, but it is great to have some freedom. I can't imagine what it would be like to be without that. I would never leave my website. I'd do an exclusive episode for someone if they needed it, but I would still do content exclusive to my own site. I've done cameos and such for people where I couldn't curse, but I wouldn't feel right turning the entire show into a raunch-free series. It's a very adult show made for an adult audience.

**Something I like about your different shows is that even if you seem to have a propensity for nostalgic stuff like Crystal Pepsi and VHS tapes you don't appear as someone bitter and stuck in the past, you're still talking about new movies. Over what kind of stuff the Cinema Snob from the future would express nostalgia according to you (the time period would be from 2000 to 2010)?**

Well, I can imagine in 20 or 30 years being nostalgic over stuff like "Mad Men," "The Sopranos," and some other cable series. I'm a person who very much likes the era that my mind is set in. I'm a retro guy. I don't get into a lot of modern technology, I don't listen to modern music, and I really do think reality television is the worst thing to ever happen to pop culture. I ignore it though. I'm an old soul, not a bitter person. Yeah, I like stuff from the past better, but you can like the stuff from the past without spending all of your time in such seething hatred for things in the present. There are still plenty of good movies being made today, and I enjoy a lot of them. And as far as technology goes, it's all very impressive, but it's just not for me. I'm comfortable in my own ways. All of my movies are made to appeal to the types of flicks I like and grew up with and wish still got made today. They don't really, which is unfortunate, but maybe that just makes that time all the more special, and maybe that makes me very excited when I get to just make movies like that myself.

LET'S
KICK
SOME ASS

**We had a great interview in our first issue with Robin Bougie, who does the Cinema Sewer fanzine, pretty much the equivalent of your Snob show but on a zine format. Robin Bougie talks much more about porn in his zine and he often complains about the narrow minded people he has to deal with, whom see porn as an misogynistic machine which only use women for money or some bullshit like that. Do you have to deal with those kind of people via hate-mails or in real life, or when you're explaining what your job is, more precisely when you try to share your love for old school porn and trashy stuff in general?**

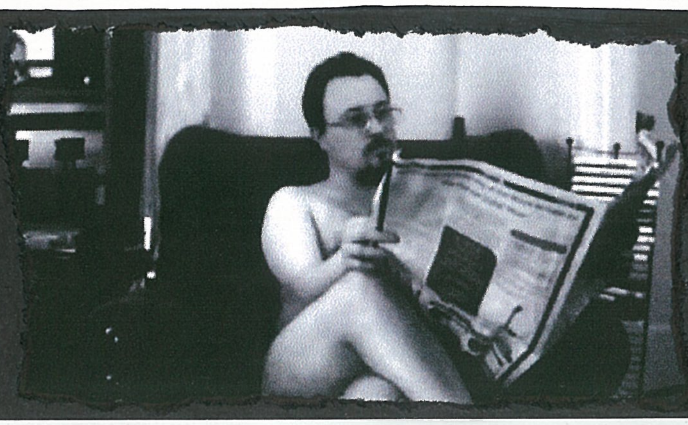
I really don't run into any ultra conservatives like that. Pretty much everyone who comes to my site knows what they're going to get in terms of the porno spoofs and the exploitation flicks I show. Sometimes I get complaints from the PC police, which can either make me laugh or annoy the hell out of me depending on my mood. I mentioned earlier about reality television being the worst thing in pop culture. Well, political correctness is the worst thing to happen to comedy. I did a video recently making fun of nitpickers, and I could almost hear the tears dripping from some of the people's eyes. Some people need thicker skin. But in terms of the porno stuff, I really never get any complaints in that department. If I do it's because someone may like it better when I make fun of slasher films, but it isn't because they're offended by pornography.

**Still talking about porn, do you have any interest in the current porn movies and the current porn stars ?**

No, not really. Now days it's all just a glorified stag reel. Some of the porno spoofs of today can be a little funny, but they chicken out by giving themselves obvious names like "Star Wars: XXX Porno Spoof." I hate that. If you're not going to give it a porno spoof name, then don't make the movie. Sometimes the title is the best part. I loved the old school pornos. I loved that they were real movies. You had comedies, thrillers, cop movies, dramas, art films, etc. I know that makes me sound pretentious, but I like that the actors were genuinely talented and actually gave a shit what they were doing. That made it more erotic to me. The actors today don't even look like they're enjoying it. There's no passion to it, no eroticism.

**Most horror movies nowadays are a fuckin joke in my opinion, from the remake plague to the shaky camera doco style scam, and i'm not even talking about shitty CGI effects... the thrill seekers that we are are living in dark times ! At least movies like Human Centipede or Serbian Film are trying to bring something new, as far as exploitation goes, despite how ridiculed (or simply ridiculous), or criticized they are. What's your take on that ? Which recent horror flicks would you recommend ?**

I don't have a problem with the "idea" of a remake, there's plenty of good movies from any era of filmmaking that are remakes. The problem lies in the fact that many of them just aren't very good. They're either unnecessary or they just feel shallow and like a cash grab. I'll admit it when one turns out pretty good. Even something unnecessary can still be good, but at least try. One main problem is that the trend just gets to be too much. There are too many remakes of movies that were fine to being with. Remake something that didn't work the first time! Don't remake something



that got it totally right. Also, the found footage thing. There are some good ones, but we're getting too many, and when you get too many, you're going to get a lot of crap. I completely respect movies like Human Centipede and A Serbian Film for being geared towards the adults, and I wish mainstream producers had the balls to do something like that. I really hate "A Serbian Film," but it certainly wasn't teenie bopper horror trite, and I'll give it that. Recent horror movies I liked were "The Devil's Rock," "Kill Shot," "Cabin in the Woods," "The Innkeepers," "House of the Devil," etc.

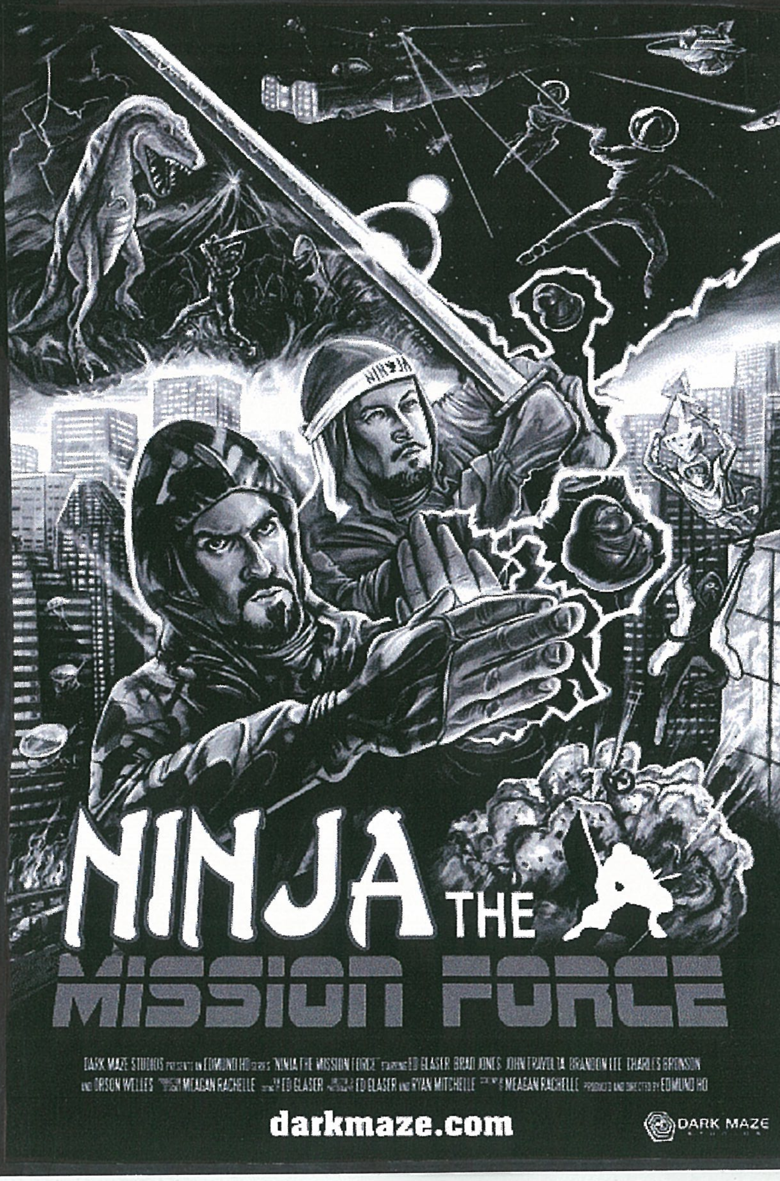
**Talking about Serbian Film, in your review of it you talk briefly about The Doom Generation by Gregg Araki saying that this movie is a big piece of shit and linking Gregg Araki to Eli Roth as far as terrible writing goes. Could you expand on that for us ?**
I remember when I was in high school and this dude told me that I should rent The Doom Generation and that I would love it, given my love for some other indie fare at the time. It was the late 90's. Anyways, I watched that piece of crap, and needless to say the guy who recommended it to me hasn't been seen since. Just kidding, I'm sure he's still in his goth band or something. I hated the acting in that film, I hated every single stupid thing those characters did, I hated that a majority of their actions was based on if a talking severed head would have ratted them out, and I hated every piece of dialogue right down to the conjunctions that linked every ridiculous set of words together. I don't know how to explain it, it had that forced hipness to it like Eli Roth's crap, where no one actually talks like that except when they're in a movie written by someone who thinks that they're being cool or ripping off Tarantino.

**Could you talk a little bit about this passion of yours about Nicolas Cage ? What makes him your favorite actor (from what your imdb page says) ?**
My imdb page says what?!? Kidding. Nicolas Cage is who I always wanted to be as an actor. Cage has said before that he treats many of his performances like he's putting on a punk rock show. I love that. I love any actor that goes for it, that reaches for the damn sky and pulls down the sun, chews it, and spits it out into the ocean. Nic Cage is an actor who if you ask him to say ABC, he's gonna give you the whole alphabet. And I love someone who has a sense of humor about a role in an other wise not so great film. "The Wicker Man" is bad, but Cage is having the time of his life in that movie, and he makes it completely watchable. He's aware of the joke, just like the audience is. I love actors who can do that. But aside from that, he's just a gifted performer. In "Leaving Las Vegas" he gives one of the most haunting performances of that decade. In "Raising Arizona" his comedic timing is perfect. "Bringing Out the Dead" and "Bad Lieutenant" are both brilliant flicks, and the burnt out level that he brings to those characters makes those movies all the more raw.

**I decided that your show was my favorite show on the web when you did this video about The Exterminator Blu Ray release, even citing Vice Squad during it, 'cause here at Sex Before Suicide we're all big fans of that kind of 80's vigilante sleaze so could you give me a list of movies like this one you'd recommend ?**
That is my favorite kind of sleaze. Seriously, that whole subgenre of movies has been my favorite since my youth. I miss the sleaze flicks, I really do. There's nothing like watching a great late 70's early 80's seedy streetwalker flick on VHS in the dead of night with the lights out. Some of my favorites are "Don't Go in the House," "Savage Streets," "Street Law," "Ten to Midnight," "Ms. 45," "The New York Ripper," "House on the Edge of the Park," "Maniac," I could go on and on, I love these movies.

**In one of your videos, you say that if you're riffing the movies you're reviewing it's mostly out of pure love towards them. But considering the number of reviews you did, I'm sure there must be a few of them that you genuinely hate. If yes, which one?**
Definitely. There have been some that really did make me feel stupid while watching them. Movies like "Nukie," "Chatterbox" and "Superman: The 1975 Musical" were so embarrassingly dumb that it made it hard to write, because in watching them, I completely forgot what words were and didn't know what these symbols on my keyboard buttons were. In fact, it had escaped my mind just what the hell a keyboard was! I remember "Night of Horror" was so shockingly bad that I didn't know what reaction to have. I was in a state of shock during that thing. That movie was so dull and so boring that I was lost in a trance. It was hypnotic. I try to make it relatively easy to tell when it's something I genuinely didn't like. When it's something I love, I really play up the sarcasm and the snooty critic "over analyzing a movie" shtick, where as when it's something that really was awful, I'm still very sarcastic, but I tend to play parts of it a bit more straight forward and realistically mad.

**Ok this is the last one, your top 5 of the most overrated movies of all time (exploitation or not)?**
Wow, that's tough. Let me think. Anything Terrence Malick has done, except "Badlands." 90% of Robert Altman's filmography. "Being John Malkovich." "The Boondock Saints" movies. "Don't Look Now." "Election." "Ghost World." "Napoleon Dynamite." "Scott Pilgrim."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MISSION FORCE
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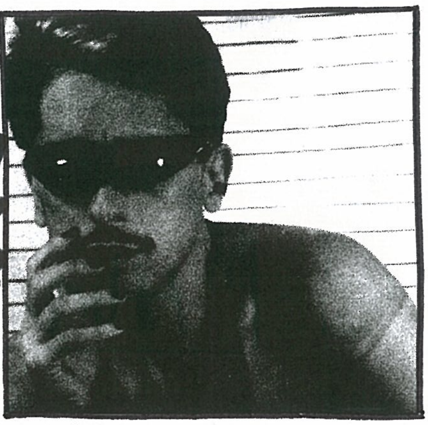
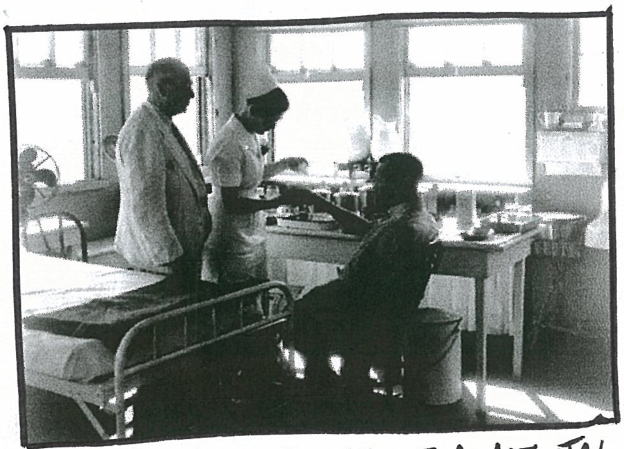
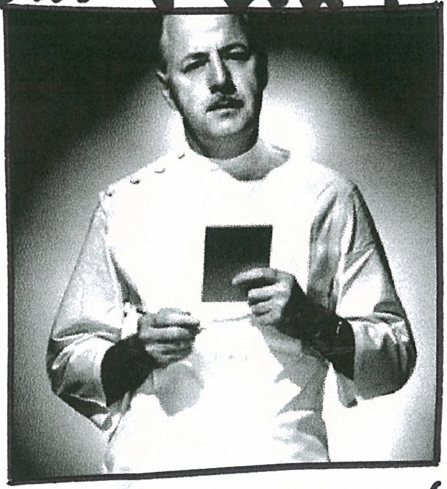
# HOW TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE COOL WHEN YOU'RE A TOTAL LUNATIC



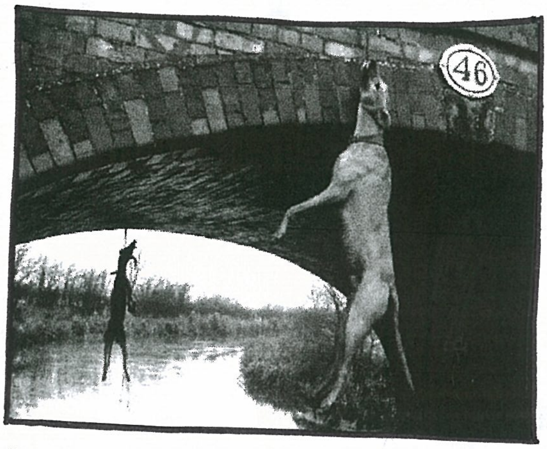
YEP, THAT'S ME!
I LOOK AWESOME, RIGHT?
WELL, THE TRUTH IS... I'M
A COMPLETE LUNATIC



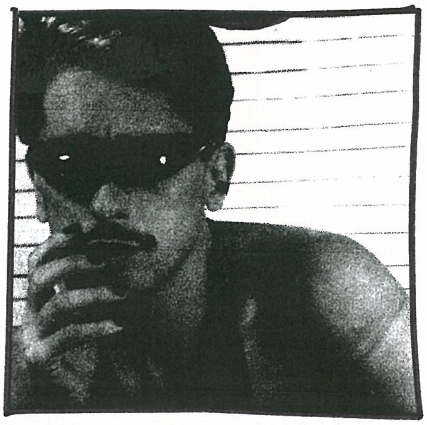
I STAYED FEW TIMES AT A MENTAL
HOSPITAL AND THE DOCTORS
ALWAYS TOLD ME THE SAME THING:
I'M NUTS. I'M NUTS. I'M NUTS



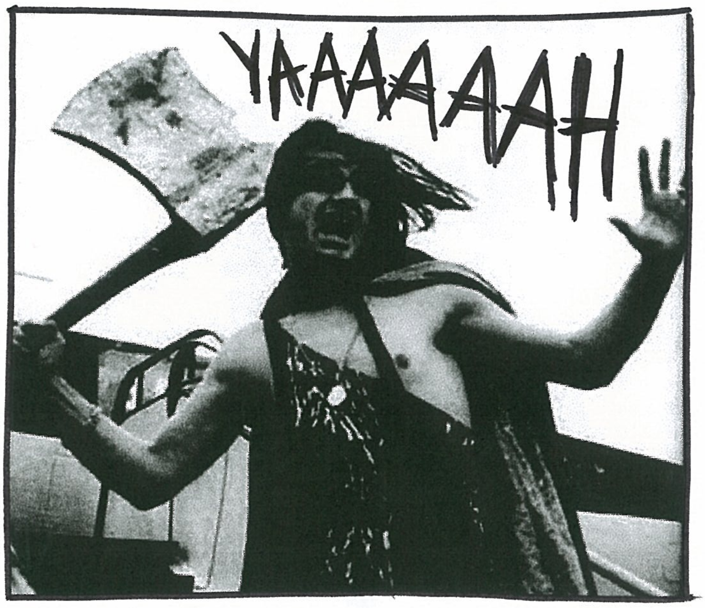
"YEAH... YOU'RE NUTS"



EVEN DOGS KNOW IM NUTS



BUT NOW, I CAME BACK
WITH A NEW IDEA.
WHEN YOU MAKE
PEOPLE LAUGH, THEY
THINK YOU'RE OK.
THEY REALLY DO.

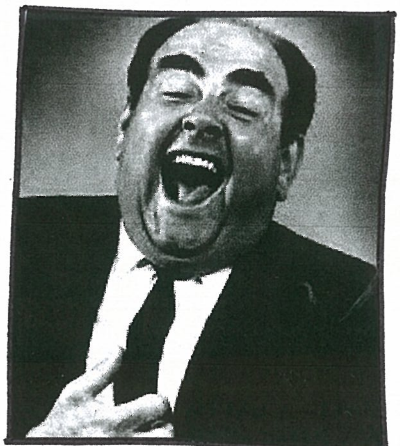


I CAME UP LIKE THIS AT
THANKSGIVING

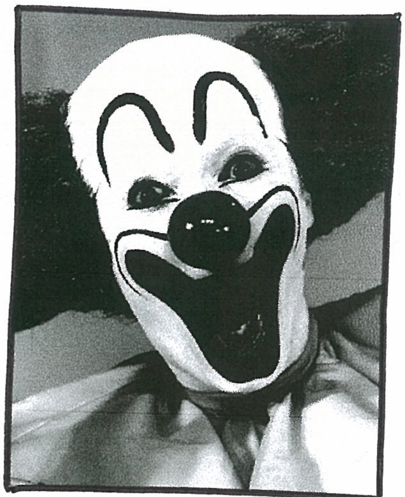
THAT'S MY BOY
HAHAHA

EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS CUTE

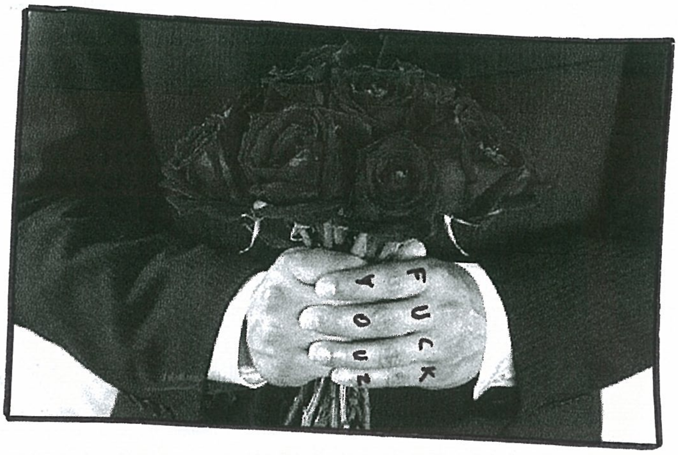
I THREATENED MY BOSS' WIFE THE OTHER NIGHT WITH A KNIFE AND SAID "WHY THE BITCH ISNT SMILING?"



AND THIS FAT PIG WAS ROLLING ON THE FLOOR LAUGHING HIS GUTS OUT!

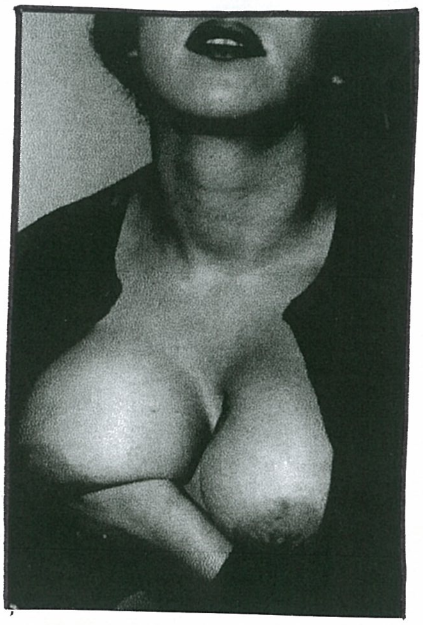


I GUESS I'M A CLOWN

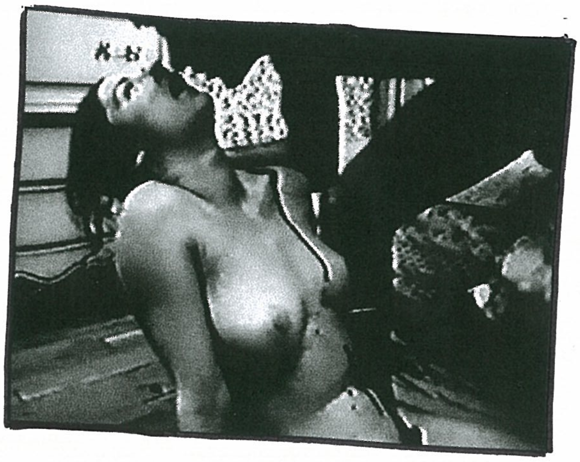


SOME DON'T KNOW BUT I'M ALSO A ROMANTIC

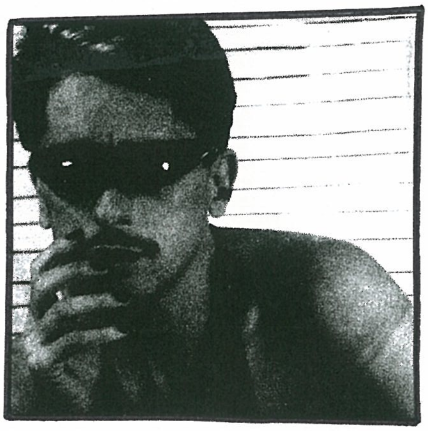
I KNOW HOW TO TREAT WOMEN YES SIR! YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY LIKE?



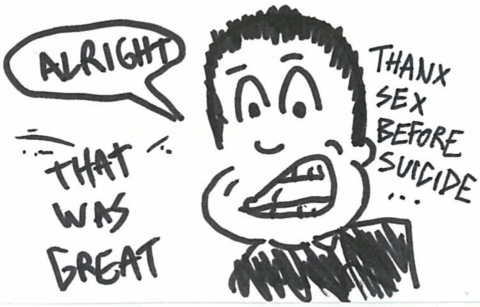
THEY LOVE TO BE TREATED LIKE SLUTS. SO I GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT.



LOVE. THAT'S WHAT IT IS.



STORY OF MY LIFE...


ALRIGHT
THAT WAS GREAT
THANX SEX BEFORE SUICIDE...

Way to send message to outer space
TV Commercial Celeb
Happy People
ANKLE-DEEP IN PUDDING
Face-Lifts
PROSTATE RELIEF
Need Help? Makeup Tips
What Space Aliens Really Look Like
Russians Plot World Takeover by Creating . . .
SAT. OCT 1ST
RAUS!!
FEAR
CHEIFS
CUCKOO'S NEST
SAT JULY 17
SLEAZY LISTENING
CRIME
IN SAN QUENTIN
LABOR DAY 1978

Saturday May 12th
SUICIDAL
with SSD
at the Olympic
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
MINUTEMEN
plus guest

BSS
PRIMITIVE

**Black Lips – Arabia Mountain**

You know them, you either love or hate them. What can be said about them punks that hasn't been said yet ? I couldn't care less about the fact that they're on Vice, listening to by thousands of hipsters or whatever crap jealous people try to put to diss them. Black Lips simply are one of the best current bands on earth, and this record is no exception to their already crucial discography. I won't even start analysing their songs, lyrics, video-clips or attitude on stage, this band just reminds me of when I was 15 and thought I could take over the world with my shitty punk band, which not many bands manage to do. Anyone into garage punk should simply love and worship them, they're what "NUGGETS" or THE SEEDS would sound like if it was put out today. Hit after hit, this band makes no mistake and deserves its success, you'll understand why after listening to this great LP. *Vice. USA. 2011 (MC)*

**Boston Strangler – Primitive LP**

If you've read SBS previous issue, you know that this band rocked my world hard ! So I guess this LP was really anticipated, and facts proven, it was sold out within minutes, and already worth ridiculous amounts of money the week after. I love when the scene proves me right, showing me that it's mostly made of nerdy assholes waiting for the next trend. Anyway, let's focus on the content, cause it's still good, while not as great as the demo (cause a demo strangely is almost always the best thing a punk band can achieve). While sounding less harsh and raw, the sound here is bigger and more polished, giving it a powerful feeling but also losing some intensity. It still sounds like a catchy modern version of the crucial Boston '82 sound, with that IMPACT UNIT singing, recognizable SSD-esque riff construction, and violent vibe that every band Choke played in had. The titles don't make me feel like reading the lyrics, as they seem as dumb and brutal as can be, so it seems they're embracing the whole Boston philosophy, not just the musical background. You gotta take it for what it is, a primitive assault you cannot escape from, and while you're at it, re-check the COMMITMENT CREW LP on Crucial Response, cause these 2 records are the closest thing to Boston 82 that came out after 83 ! *Fun With Smack. USA. 2012. (MC)*

**Cheap Time – Wallpaper Music**

3rd LP and these guys still manage to write great tunes, proving a genuine sense of songwriting, with efficient arrangements and without sounding like they're recycling their own stuff in an easy formula. While sounding a bit different, these dudes could easily please the BLACK LIPS and JAY REATARD crowd, as they play solid garage punk with various elements that your parents are gonna love, be it the 70's prog influence, the VELVET UNDERGROUND snazzy singing, the 77' power-pop acceptable global sound, or just the overall feeling that this band is just a great band above all, making underground hits while keeping its punk edge. Add some organ and piano, some fuzz and some occasional psych effects in the mix, and you get one of the best rock records of the new century, with beautiful melodies and crucial breaks ! Kids, you gotta realize that boys like Novak or Reatard are our contemporary Townsend, Keith Richard or Barrett! Don't miss it ! *In The Red. USA. 2012. (MC)*

**Crazy Spirit – s/t LP**

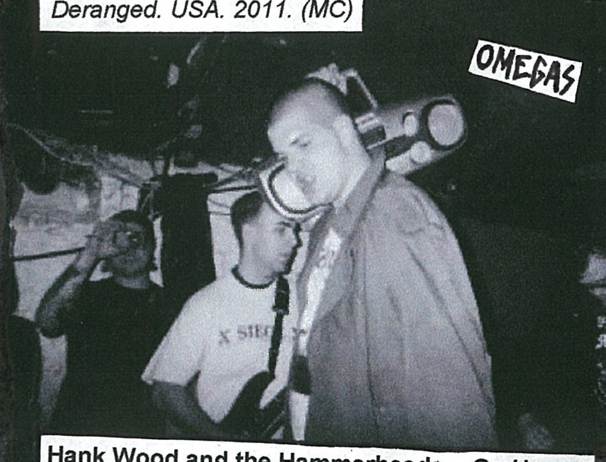
Apparently, this LP was the record many people were anticipating for a long time within the scene. Since I'm not part of the circus anymore, I didn't know this band was that popular and quite the hype of the day. So my review will be pretty fair, as I don't care about all this gossip bullshit. This LP represents something that I was expecting to come out someday, that sounds both fresh and crazy in 2012 (and is not from Japan), reminding me of frenetic and primitive hardcore bands like BAD BRAINS or DIE KREUZEN, which is a huge compliment to say the least. The beats are kinda insane and unusual for this style, kind of like in a galloping cowboy movie or some western shit. Get the picture ? Weird, I know… Singer sounds mad, like some kind of mutant to whom you'd have cut its vocal cords with a rusty razor blade, while the axes deliver a wall of noise with nice hooking melodies and crunchy 80's riffs… TAR BABIES or DRUNKS WITH GUNS come to mind too when I think about this gem, so you know you'll hate it cause this is harsh. This LP is screenprinted with comics, poster and overall great art brut meets street trash style, so you know what to expect. Not for everyone I guess, but people in search of something still exciting and original in the hardcore department should immediately take notice.

*Toxic State. USA. 2012. (MC)*

### Culo – Life Is Vile… And So Are We LP

Even if it's been out for a while, this LP totally deserves attention, as it's been one of current hardcore's most rageous stuff to hit our heads. Pure energy put in a total take no-prisoner wall of sound, reminiscent of furious bands who made no compromise like NEGATIVE APPROACH or OUT COLD, word. It sounds brutal, instinctive and efficient as hell, cause even if you've heard these riffs a thousand times before, these guys play them like if they invented them and this is what matters and how it works kids ! Ultra fast and pissed-off, this sounds like on the verge of exploding, but always played with precision and sheer ferocity, you know this band is made for me. The singer barks like a madman, and judging from the titles, the guy must be full of hatred and needs a violent release, which I guess this band is. And to top it all, the cover looks demential, retro 80's art from the gutters, with mutants, bricks and death, the magical formula.

*Deranged. USA. 2011. (MC)*



### Hank Wood and the Hammerheads – Go Home

There was apparently a lot of controversy and shit talking on this band on the internet, due to their stage attitude and the fact that the singer stomped and killed a chicken during a show. I couldn't count how many times faces got broke by guitars or mic stands in rock history, without saying all the stuff GG did like women rapes, shitting and everything. Come on, it's a damn chicken, I bet most of these pussies even eat meat every fucking day of the week. Anyway, Hank Wood and the Hammerheads is part of the mutant hardcore punk scene in New York City, along with CRAZY SPIRIT (Where Hank Wood's singer plays drums), DAWN OF HUMANS and more. When a whole lot of haters want to hate on this record, I can tell it's gonna be hard cause this is one of the best punk record to come in a long time! Like song is a high quality hit! Vocals are snotty, aggressive and intense while the awesome keyboards and guitar riffs are kind of melodic and ultra catchy. Twelve garage punk bangers and I still want more of them! After the first listen, you're like *« Ok, that was great »* but then after four or five others you're more *« this is the best shit I've listening for years!! »* And it's true.

*« Being miserable, and treating other people like dirt is every New Yorker's God's giving right »*

"I Dont Play Games", the first song of the side B is the perfect example of how Hank Wood and the Hammerheads can create catchy tunes while staying aggressive and full of anger and hatred. *« I don't play games I'll kill you ! I'll kill you ! I'll kill you ! »*. This is like 42nd street punk, 'know what I mean? Fucking sleazy, weird and dangerous, but ultra fun when you're into it. Other favorite tracks of mine : 'Trouble' and its killer bass riff from the second verse, 'My House', hypnotic and melodic tune with shouting vocals and screams all over « Hey you get out of my house », 'Bad Things' and its funhouse organ, 'Dont Look At Me', 'Snide... Petty... Fools', 'It's Hard On The Streets', … This whole LP rules so much. Now I want to stomp a motherfucker in the face.

*Toxic Waste. USA. 2012. (RG)*

### Idiot Talk – s/t EP

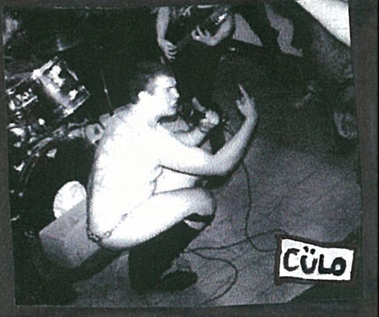
Hailing from Lille, France's hotbed of pretty pedophiles and car tuning freaks, you know this band has some reason to exist, living in such a hard location. They never stopped progressing since the demo, embracing an energetic style mixing the best of 80's California hardcore like CIRCLE JERKS, AGENT ORANGE or ADOLESCENTS. Simple, melodic and efficient, but with enough energy to prevent it from being boring or redundant. They're just of bunch of brats singing about what they know, skate, beers and fun, and it's entertaining as hell ! Great anthems and choruses for the youth ! Sometimes you don't need more cause summer is coming along, and this band perfectly fits the picture, as they could have easily fit the BYO, Mystic or Frontier compilation records !

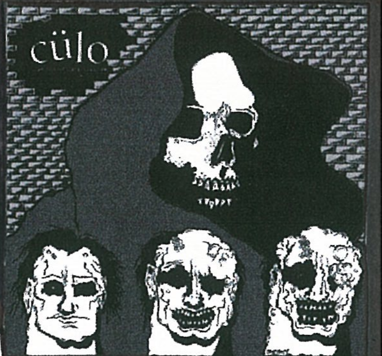
*Build Me A Bomb. France. 2011. (MC)*

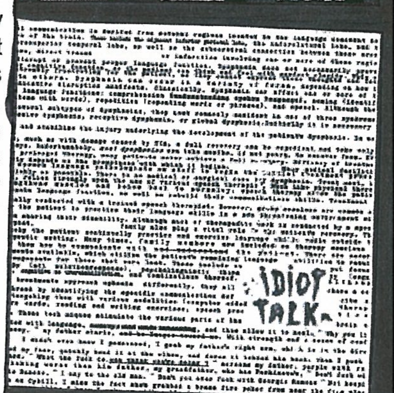
### Kap Bambino – Devotion

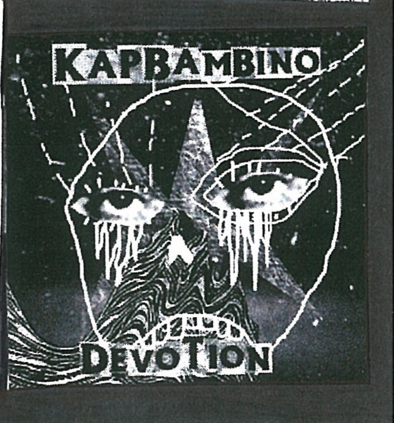
Bordeaux's own Kap Bambino is back with a new full length, and I admit it took me a while to get used to it. Maybe it's because the production is way better and heavier than on the previous one, or maybe it's because they slew the tempo down quite a bit ? I don't know, the whole stuff sounds more massive but less dangerous, yet after a few listenings it appears that they managed to record a huge album once again ! Still to be classified in the synth/electro/8-bit department with a punk edge, this time you can hear more various influences that expand their sound, from ultra heavy beats played in a sludge way (Buffalo Kids, Rise), to some beautiful crystal-sounding pop melodies ( Next Resurrection, The Lost). Caroline's voice still sounds hysteric and totally out of control, while managing to feel soft and sensitive when it needs to be. Think of a modern NINA HAGEN or POLY STYRENE ? Maybe. On stage she's as energetic as any frontman can be, controlling the crowd with an almost religiously charisma, which give their live shows some kind of futuristic black mess feeling. Orion, the man behind Korgs, seems like a silent maniac, delivering ferocious hooks and beats, while looking like the unborn child of Lemmy Kilmister and Patrick Dewaere. Imagine that. Anyway, this duo proves to be at the top of their game once for

HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS GO HOME!

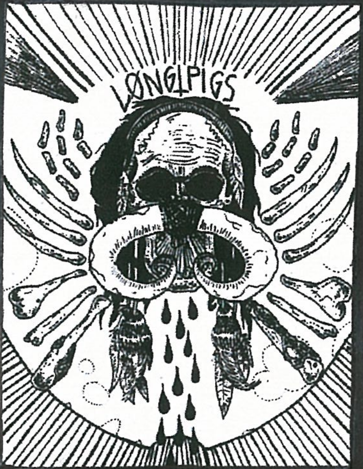




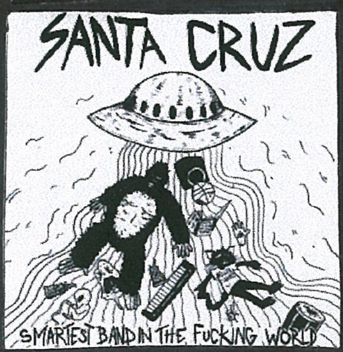


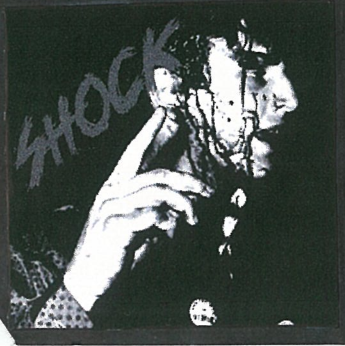


OUTSIDER ART THERAPY
LISPECTOR



THE NIGHT STALKERS
SEXUAL DEVIATIONS


SANTA CRUZ
SMARTEST BAND IN THE FUCKING WORLD



an easy formula of crowd-pleasing electro records like we've been drowning in for the past 15 years. Every SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK, electro-punk or synth-rock fan should give this a try, this one is crucial ! *Because. France. 2012 (MC)*

**Lispector – Outsider Art Therapy**

Even though it's been out for almost a year and while a new record is in the making, I couldn't pass on Lispector's last effort. For those who don't know, Lispector has been confidentially recording bedroom music for over 11 years, which might makes you think of a DANIEL JOHNSTON dynamic, the one we could call the "flying-under-everyone's-radar talented artists category". Anyway, expect beautiful minimal pop with cheap synthesizers sounds, nice acoustic guitar melodies and simple but effective beatbox rhythms, on which she gently put her cold-like-death singing. There is a genuine sense of songwriting here, as proven in tracks like Who Else Are You?, Mission To Babylonia, Side By Side or Sweet Sixteen. These ones are real hits, and the other songs are no filler at all, they're great songs that might sound like childish ballads, nonchalant folk or teeny nostalgic tunes. Enjoy a cold and sunny summer thanks to Lispector.
*France. 2011. (MC)*

**Long Pigs – Demo Tape**

I don't have much info on this band because I only own a copy of the band's first demo tape a friend gave me. The only thing I know is that they later released a self titled 7" on SMRT. They come from New York and some members owns the great record label Toxic State. Seven songs of raw hardcore punk, ear screeching noisy sounds, and desperate atmosphere. The thing about today's punk bands is that I never know how sincere they are. A band can sound really killer on records but suck bigger dicks than John Holmes' on stage, with a fake tough or rough or don't give a shit attitude and I'm often embarrassed for them. Acting crazy is the new trend but I wonder how many bands are living the shit they're saying or playing... Anyway, since I don't barely know anything about this band, I'm only gonna say this is a really great demo and I bet their seven inch is good as well. Think about VOID or FUCK UPS with a buzzier raw sound. As I'm re-listening the tape, I can say I love how snotty and angry the vocals are, that's a good point in my book. *(RG)*

**Neon Piss – LP**

This US band takes things where MASS HYSTERI or OBSERVERS left them, adding a different flavor to it while still being catchy and poppy. Expect some good melancholic garage punk with beautiful melodies and crucial hooks, and you get the idea. 8 tracks of soft punk that will make your day, while wondering if that chorus makes you think of JAY REATARD or ADVERTS, and not managing to guess ! Not groundbreaking but enjoyable at best !
*Deranged. USA. 2012. (MC)*

**Night Stalkers - Sexual Deviations 7"**

SBS' own Raph Gordon sent me a bunch of new songs from his crucial band some months ago and after everyone had heard their great demo, so I don't really know what they'll be used for, a 7' or whatever. 6 songs of top notch 80's hardcore reminiscent of JERRY's KIDS, ILL REPUTE and the likes, with enough rage and energy to keep it legitimate in 2012, a thing that many bands should try to remember when they start a band playing this style. Knowing what type of city Brest is, and especially knowing what kind of lunatics run the streets there, I can only imagine how their live shows must turn into (chaotic brawls probably). Having witnessed thousands of shitty French so-called hardcore bands over 13 years, it's finally good to know that bands like this one are currently playing our cities, intense and real, bands made of friends and to whom you can relate. Oh, and the last song sounds like DRUNK WITH GUNS or local anti-heroes GLU, good point !
*Kill For Christ. Fr. 2012. (MC)*

**Santa Cruz – Smartest Band In The Fucking World 10"**

Ok, so this band features my brother-in-law and Raph Gordon of SBS fame, and I guess people will think it's not fair to review it here. Well, fuck them ! This record is seriously underrated, except if you like your hardcore punk played in the most traditional way. Mad props to them for trying to do their own thing, cause I know with what honesty it's done, and you can trust me on that point. So they're trying to reach new horizons by including various elements and instruments like electronical keyboards, 8-bit gimmicks or whatever voodoo toy they found in their basement, while maintaining a classic 80's hardcore punk sound not unlike the BEASTIE BOYS (who they rip-off intentionally) or DFL. The lyrics are hilarious if you think monkeys, pizzas and video games are funny, which you should, cause hey, what more can you expect in life ? All in all, a good and funny record, with great lyrics, catchy choruses and funky beats, expending the punk sound of the new millennium, to be classified with RZL DZL and France Frites.
*Can I Say. France. 2011. (MC)*

**Shock – Demo Tape**

This moron that is Mat Criminal decided to review two records of my bands (even if I'm not in Santa Cruz anymore), and I said to myself *« Fuck yeah! Why not! No one writes reviews about us anyway, so let promote our own band, and if you don't like it, ha! that's even better! ».* When Mat first talked to me about his new band called Shock, he name-dropped a few names as influences like TOTALITAR, VOID, JERRY'S KIDS, THE ABUSED, URBAN WASTE and I-don't-fucking-rember-what-else. I thought it was promising, since there arent any bands like this in France. When I finally got the chance to listen to the demo, I was surprise that you can actually feel the influence from all these bands. Shock plays an intense noisy hardcore, tiny reverb on the angry shouted vocals, frenzy guitar riffs, and loud fast or mid tempo primitive drums. Lyrics are dark and filled with an urban vibe that reminds me of early NY hardcore bands. The well named 'Tribes' is a fucked up track in the vein of NO TREND with lot of delay on the vocals and a - you guessed it - hypnotic tribal rythm that makes you crazy and uncomfortable. This demo tape is great, and I can't wait to hear more from them. Really, check this band out, and if you have the chance to see one of their chaotic live performances go for it!
*France. 2012. (RG)*

**The Spits – Spits V**

This band is overrated and this new album is boring. The Spits are a weird bunch. These old farts are playing since a long time now and they constantly write the same song over and over and over. They have this really weird habit to put their best song as the opener, leaving the rest of their album to flabby tunes. And somehow people love that band. I have to clarify that I think they can write really good catchy songs, and I like their mini album on Slovenly but even this 10 minutes plate has it's boring moments! « Spits V » has twelve songs on it and guess what? The first one is the best and the rest is as forgettable as the last five gigs you went to. If you're not in that position and you actually enjoyed the last five gigs you saw, please let me know where you live I'll be there as soon as I can ! And if you're 16 to 20 years old that doesn't count, piss off ! Just like Total Control, I noticed that this album is on a lot of top 2011 lists, but real bad for them, the album is on top 2011 lists from various blogs ! And I'm not talking about blogs that upload unknown albums or blogs talking about upcoming shows in your area, this album found itself in blogs run by people who are into indie music, lazy and of course uninteresting. What's more predictable on every levels than a DUM DUM GIRLS or SONIC YOUTH fan ?

Lazy tastes in life, lazy but still pretentious writing, they are as guilty of the current and real as fuck decline of creativity and good mentalities as all of the college students since the 80's. I guess the Spits actually deserve that fate, except for the pretentious part i don't know the guys but they are a lazy band, 95% of their repertoire are boring cheesy tunes with a keyboard so it was only a matter of time before dickheads from the upper level decided they were cool. You hear that dickheads from the underground? Put some personality into your life, stop being a sheep. Just because you're into lo fi and weird shit doesn't means you can't be picky. Fuckin hell this album pisses me off, USA & Europe are going down and this album manages to show how even an underground scene that should be thriving during times like these is confused.

*In The Red. USA. 2011. (AZ)*

**Total Control – Henge Beat LP**

I like this band, a bunch of friends who are already veterans of the Aussie r'n'r music but who still want to have a go at whatever they wanna do, that's some sane and healthy stuff for a change.

From what I understood the band's name came from this lame 80's softy sad song from a chick whom I can't remember the name... So yeah, these guys seem to do whatever they like with this outlet. I mean, you have one guy from EDDIE CURRENT who's busy at writing boring, but sometimes good and softly hypnotic, tunes. Two guys from the UV RACE who are busy at writing the best dreamy punk songs ever and this charming couple are also in STRAIGHTJACKET NATION, a band not that busy anymore it seems but a few years ago they were busy at being fuckin Clevo-pissed off - core!

The first single, released in 2OO7 i think, was pretty cool, like post punk on coke, it sounded like « Blood Visions » in angry mode. The second was okay, this time they took a dark wave approach on one side, or they simply ripped-off Suicide if you want, and on the other they had this so-so energetic electro song that wasn't really catchy.

The third single went for a totally synth wave angle, « Paranoid Video » being a SMASH HIT. And finally they released this last 7 inch, I unfortunately don't own it but I heard one of the song on the net and it was this long hypnotic electronic tune that i thought sounded awesome, being someone not really used to that kind of sound. The buzz started to takes place, since everyone in the punx scene is a frustrated disco bitch at heart, and then inevitably appealing to a wider audience. They also had a big US tour with THEE OH SEES followed by some selected dates in Europe. Not bad for a band that started as a side project.

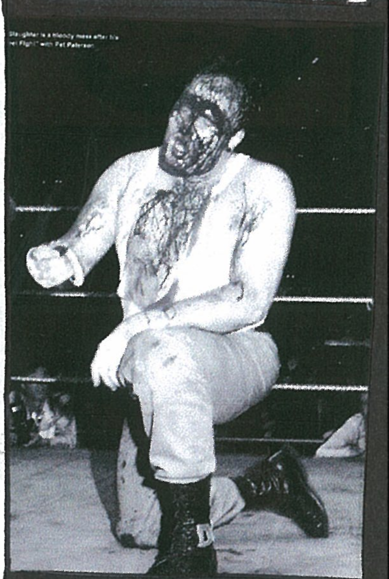
Now it's time to have a look at their first LP, on Iron Lung no less. Ok so the first song sounds just like Suicide and the last song sounds just like DIGITAL LEATHER, « Hard at work » era which means that sounds cool to me. What's in between? Well, if you manage to forget the ATROCIOUS cover, seriously I could sue the band for that, you have a pretty cool entertaining album. There are a few songs forgettable, the punk ones, or the «with not that much synth » ones if you prefer. Since the songs including synth elements are totally cool, your attention won't be as focused when it comes to them. They are just so-so, but again, the « so-so » factor is something I guess you may encounter as a band with no particular goal. The best example to show my point is « One more tonight », which could be on this bad FRUSTRATION LP released a while back, synonymous of booooriiiiiiing. It definitely sounds like they were looking to intensity and pomposity, like CRISIS pomposity, but it jut falls flat. But my opinion on their punk rock based songs is a bit pushed around by their new version of « Retiree », the boring electro song from the second single. Ironically enough this one works better with guitar than keyboards. And talking about this second single, there is also a new version of « Meds », the SUICIDE rip-off song. It's still sounds like Suicide but in a better way.

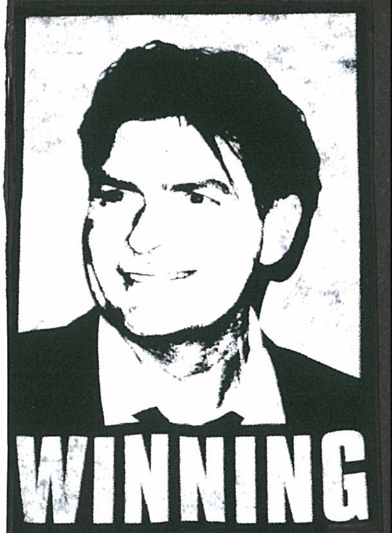
I guess they thought they could do better with this single and that's what they did simple as that, from someone who had been paying attention to what these guys have been up to these past years i'm not suprised. And now that we got rid of the bullshit, and there are only two or three let downs on this lp, in those rotten days that's a feat, let's talk about the good stuff. I think the B-side opener, « Carpet Rash », steals the show here. Because this song might be the one that crystallize the band's influences, other projects and ideas into seven minutes of repetitive bliss. A really simple structure that is impossible of getting out of your head, with an amazing and again really simple, totally dumb, guitar part that goes on and on. This is the stuff orgasms on THC are made of. I wouldn't be surprised if I learned they wrote this song in fifteen minutes during a jam. I also like « The hammer », which I think is showing the importance of what we call « guilty pleasures » in life. Since this song sounds like a new wave fag anthem from the UK, i was so surprised by DX's vocals on this one, and is still enjoyable to the max and is also part of this album released on this really good and hip hardcore label, it's like Total Control is not giving you any chance of backing out on this one. I'm sure some people will be heartfeltly annoyed by this OMD/Ultravox sounding neon pink turd, but most of us will just pretend. I'm smarter than anyone else and then declare this song really enjoyable.

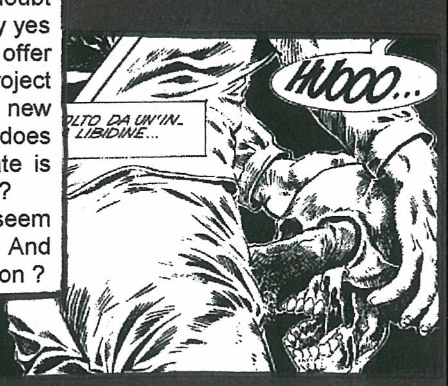
In conclusion, it's now mid-2012, this review has been written early this year but we're late as shit as usual, and I've seen this album in a lot of top list of 2011.This album is really good no doubt about it but it's also not memorable, it's catchy yes but it doesn't sounds like a band with a lot to offer but more like, as I wrote earlier, a cool side project nothing more. Since I'm not following all the new stuff that are coming out like I used to do, does that means that the underground music state is declining? Or is 2011 just not that memorable?

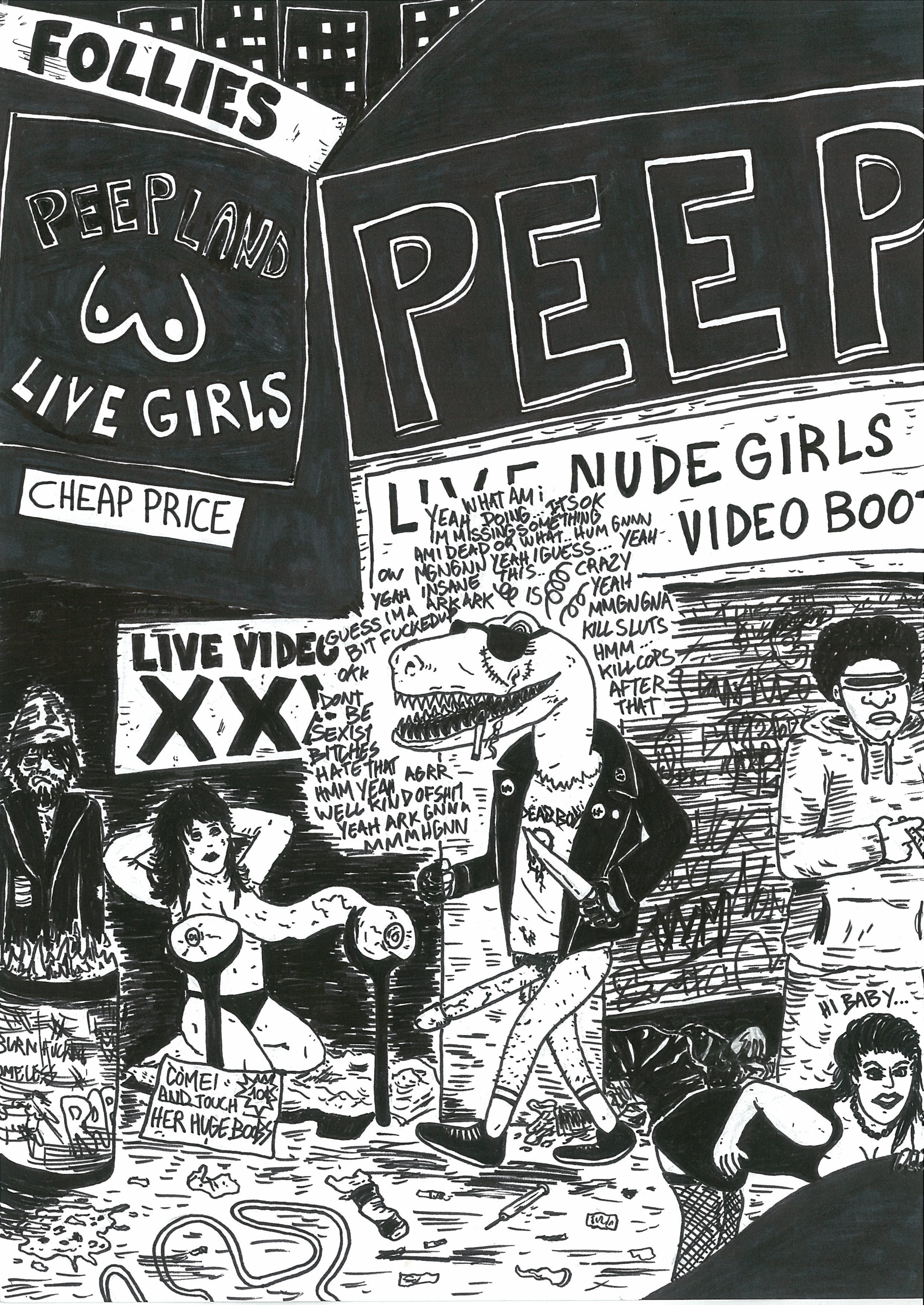
Does it confirms my idea that every scenes seem to be plagued by boredom and listlessness ? And once again I wanna ask : where is the explosion ? I'm fuckin bored here !

*Iron Lung . [redacted] 2011. (AZ)*

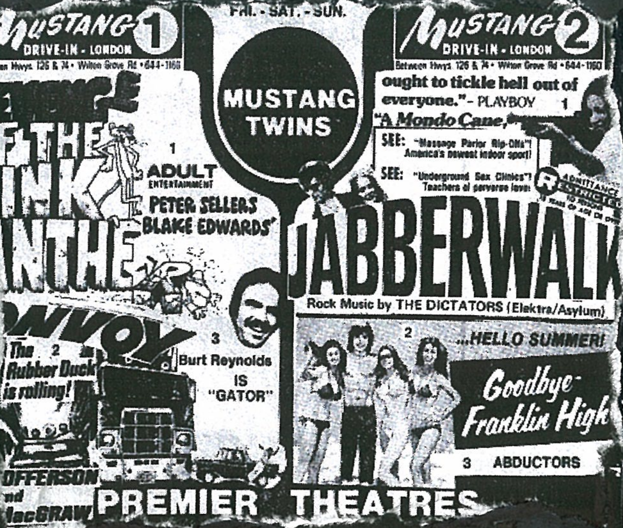

Slaughter is a bloody mess after his
et Fight" with Pat Patterson.




HUOOO...
OLTO DA UN'IN-
LIBIDINE...


FOLLIES
PEEPLAND
LIVE GIRLS
CHEAP PRICE
PEEP
LIVE NUDE GIRLS
VIDEO BOOT
LIVE VIDEO
XX
WHAT AM I DOING… ITS OK YEAH IM MISSING SOMETHING AM I DEAD OR WHAT.. HUM GNNN YEAH OW MGNGNN YEAH I GUESS… THIS.. IS CRAZY YEAH INSANE ARK ARK YEAH GUESS IM A BIT FUCKED UP OKK DONT BE SEXIST BITCHES HATE THAT AGRR HMM YEAH WELL KIND OF SHIT YEAH ARK GNNA MMMHGNN
YEAH MMGNGNA KILL SLUTS HMM… KILL COPS AFTER THAT
DEAD BOYS
COME! AND TOUCH HER HUGE BOOBS 10$
HI BABY…

STREET TRASH


MUSTANG 1 DRIVE-IN • LONDON
FRI. - SAT. - SUN.
MUSTANG TWINS
MUSTANG 2 DRIVE-IN • LONDON
ought to tickle hell out of everyone." - PLAYBOY
"A Mondo Cane,"
1 ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
PETER SELLERS BLAKE EDWARDS'
JABBERWALK
Rock Music by THE DICTATORS (Elektra/Asylum)
The Rubber Duck is rolling!
Burt Reynolds IS "GATOR"
...HELLO SUMMER!
Goodbye Franklin High
3 ABDUCTORS
PREMIER THEATRES

3 DAYS ONLY SUN 18 TO TUES. 20TH One Complete Show
"DEEP RED" AT 7P.M.
"SCORCHY" AT 9 P.M.
I'M AT THE MOVIES!
DEEP RED
SHE'S KILLED A MAN, BEEN SHOT AT, AND MADE LOVE TWICE ALREADY THIS EVENING... AND THE EVENING ISN'T OVER YET!
Scorchy

SINEMA
THE BEST EROTIC ACTRESS OF 1979 SHOWS YOU HER CLAIM TO FAME!

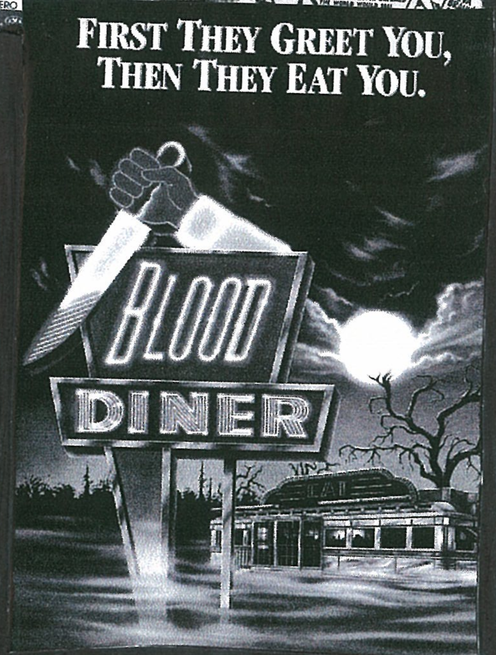
DRILLER
No More Films... No More Horror, What's The Devil To Do?
TERROR EYES
FRIDAY DOWNTOWN
EXCLUSIVE DETROIT SHOWING!
"HITLER'S STRANGE LOVE-LIFE"

TONITE!
FRIDAY the 13
separate
ADMISSION
"YUK" FLICKS
WARNING! DON'T EAT BEFORE THESE SHOWS.
"COME INTO MY PARLOR, SAID THE SPIDER TO THE..."
SEDUCTIVE INNOCENCE of LOLITA SAVAGE HUNGER of a BLACK WIDOW
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO... SPIDER BABY
I DRINK YOUR BLOOD
AND
I EAT YOUR SKIN
AVAILABLE FREE! "TUMS for your TUMMY"
EXTRA! special "YUK" BUFFET serving FREE...

### Blood Diner – Jackie Kong (1987)

I wasn't expecting anything when I put the film on, but the hour and a half that follows was, against all odds, incredible! The making of Blood Diner started as a tribute (some even say a remake or a sequel) of Hershell Gordon Lewis' horror masterpiece BLOOD FEAST, but during the shooting, the director JACKIE KONG decided to make a horror comedy based loosely on Lewis' movie instead. And what a genius idea! Watching Blood Diner is like watching a Tex Avey cartoon, you sit down and laugh furiously without being able to think. To sum up the plot, a maniac escaped from a nuthouse is chased by the police, a hatchet in a hand and his genitals in the other. He comes in the house where his two young nephews, Lou and Jimmy, are living and tells them to perpetuate a cult devoted to Sheetah, an egyptian goddess. Years later, the two brothers are digging the corpse of their uncle out of the ground, laughing their asses off while taking his eyes and brain. They're now adults and have opened a vegetarian restaurant in LA, and it works good. But in the back room they make the brain of their uncle living again, in a jar, but still living, and talking, yes, talking shit a lot! They have a plan, find bitches to kill, and choose the best parts of them to prepare a new body for Sheetah!

This flick is totally rad, hilarious from the beginning to the end, with memorable quotes every second! You got everything: stupid, offensive humor made with such bad taste that it would make John Waters jealous, crazy characters, and WTF-scenes coming from nowhere. Like the one where the brothers come with machineguns in a 'nude aerobic club' for a big massacre, wearing Reagan masks! Then the cops arrive , traditional couple made of a young good looking man and an old fashion cynical one, it gets even better. The older throws more sucker punches than Joe Frazier to Mohammad Ali at Madison Square Garden, and when he hears that it may be done by cannibals, starts to talk about how he likes a band called the Cannibals, but it couldn't have been them that did it, cause they're vegetarian and even if they rock hard, they don't go this far. Now, one of my favorite character is a total enigma to me... There is this man, well, I should say this puppet, who is always eating and smoking cigarettes in the competitor restaurant. He can talk and everything, but jeez... It's a puppet! With a hat, and a beard, and smoking ! And everyone acts like if it's a real man during the entire movie, that's so absurd – and genius - I was crying with laughter.


FIRST THEY GREET YOU, THEN THEY EAT YOU.
BLOOD DINER

**BOOBS!**
**Bad Girls Go to Hell** (1971) Doris comes out of the closet. **$19.00**
**Blaze Starr—The Original** (1940's-50's) 90 minutes of the REAL Blaze & you'll see why she was a star. **$39.00**
**Chesty Anderson, U.S. Navy** (1973) Play it with **Deadly Weapons** and you've got a 292-inch quadruple feature. **$24.00**
**Deadly Weapons** (1970) Doris Wishman's Chesty and her head-crushing 73-inch ta-tas. **$19.00**
**She-Devils on Wheels** (1967) HG Lewis motorcycle mamas. **$19**

You feel your Heart POUNDING,
You know It's out there,
You can't SCREAM,
NOW IT'S AT YOUR THROAT
NIGHT of the HOWLING BEAST

I know what you're thinking, I thought the same first, it seems like another cheesy B-movie, but believe me, it's not! It's an oustanding comedy with a goofy horror background and lame special effects. True cult classic. I'm saying Blood Diner is a comedy because the humor is so great, I don't want you to miss it. Really, do yourself a favor and check out this movie. Humor in Blood Diner is like stomping handicapped people and laughing at their bloody faces, cracking their jaws and thinking it's the best night of your entire life. For real! There is a scene where the two bros are wearing disco clothes for one and punk outfit for the other, and they want to enter a club to find easy sluts, but the doorman don't want to let them come in. So, they throw him on the road and his head gets smashed by the bouncing wheel of a lowrider car and everybody starts laughing at him! Ha ha this is what I'm talking about. Or when a guy wants to fuck his girl in a cave or something, he begins to throw his clothes and yell *« Oh baby, i'm so horny I could fuck a cow! »*. And also, this epic wrestling fight between Lou and Jimmy Hitler, a supremacist wrestler!! Yeah, incredible! I could go on and on. This is for degenerates and fucking insane people, the best of us! It can be disturbing for some, so wussies, get out, I don't even understand why you're still reading this shit! According to some actors, the shooting was a terrible experience, Jackie Kong was pissing off everyone and the producer was a cokehead, so they ended up with no money to direct the final scenes. They eventually hired homeless and crackheads to play and most of the girls were found via Juggs magazine. One positive note anyway, Kong took so much time to shoot the final scene that everybody was totally wasted on weed, alcohol and other drugs on the set. No shit... *(RG)*

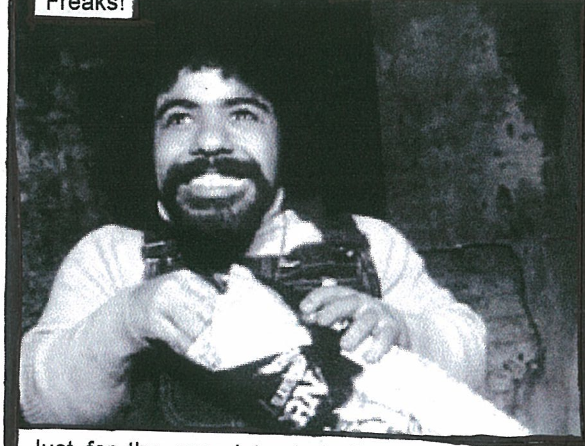
### Blood Sucking Freaks – Joel M. Reed (1976)

New York based director Joel M Reed started to make adult movies in the late 60s (like "Career Bed" or "Sex By Advertissment") before directing his first exploitation movie called "The GI Executionner" in 1971. While trying to work on a new project about a rockstar haunted by a groupie, he assisted to a S&M theatre night. Marked by this show, he decided to start a movie about a sadistic ballet company playing on stage. That's how the set of BLOODSUCKING FREAKS begun, shot essentially at night, with actors from porn, theatre, or having day jobs.

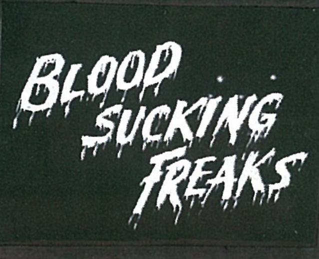
Master Sardu runs every night a little grand guignol theatre called Theatre of Macabre, where he presents scenes of extreme violence and torture where the audience is convinced that everything is just magic or tricks. They're wrong. Sardu and his little henchman, Ralphus the midget, are kidnapping women to abuse them badly. But Master Sardu wants more, he's sick and tired of seeing the bad ratings of his show in the newspaper, so he captures one of the critics who dare to mock him and a well known ballet dancer to convince her to play for him and to become his 'star'. But the thing is... She refuses. That's about the time where the tortures and the violence increase to the top, always more inventive, resourceful and brutal. You want some examples? Well you can witness nipple electrocutions, a hand cut, eyeball eating, or this sick scene where a laughing Ralphus is spanking hard with a stick a girl on her knees, head and hands stuck in a good old pillory, holding the rope that keep the blade of a fucking guillotine high in her mouth. When she starts screaming, the rope falls down and so is the big ass blade. Then Ralphus gets a blowjob from the severed head. Yes, this movie is this offensive, and definitely NOT for everyone.

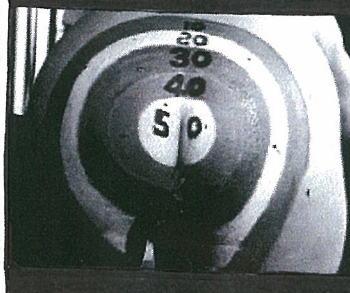
This is a macabre farce influenced without any doubt by THE WIZARD OF GORE (Herschell Gordon Lewis, 1970), and the director even said he was highly influenced by the two first ILSA movies ("She Wolves of the SS" from 1975 and "Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks", 1976), for the cruelty and the sexual abuses on the women. I can totally feel an atmosphere close to the MARQUIS DE SADE, Salo in particular. Bloodsucking Freaks has this real sleazy 70s vibe but all the S&M scenes, the atrocities and the misogynistic attitude reminds me of Sade also. Women are used as tables, chairs or are there only for decoration. They're considered as animals or objects, depending on the situation. But the thing that saves the movie to me is that there is this dark humor, really brutal and gratuitous. Fuck, you have some incredible scenes happening in front of your eyes and you're just like *"shit, is this really happening?"*. I'm thinking of the dentist scene where a doctor is pulling teeth out from a naked girl tied to a chair, then he cuts her hair, drill a hole in her head and sucks the blood from the brain with a straw. Or when a busty blonde's ass is used as a dartboard by Ralphus and his master drinking beers, hilarious! I was also laughing when you learn that this sadistic dandy Master Sardu loves as much whipping women than being whipped by amazones! Speaking of this, I don't know where they find all the women, but they're all gorgeous as hell, real beauties.

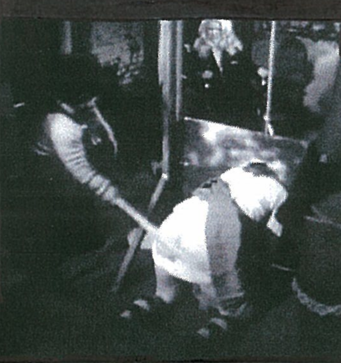
Anyway, Bloodsucking Freaks was originally titled 'The Incredible Torture Show', and that made sense. It's when Troma re-released the movie in 1980 that the name became 'Bloodsucking Freaks'. Troma should have distributed the film in a cut version, but they in fact shipped the uncunt version to theatres telling them it was the R rated version. It was a shocker back then when it was released in the 70s and 80s, and it is now still disturbing because of all the atrocities, but I guess it can also be easy to watch it just the way it is meant: a big joke. A really nasty flick, in bad taste, totally demented. This is fucking sick AND fun, that's why I love Bloodsucking Freaks!

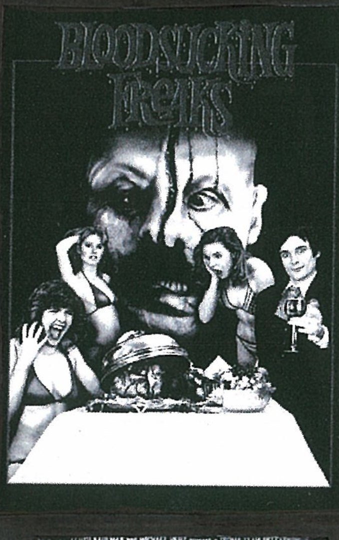


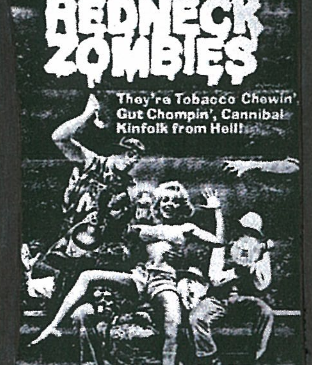
Just for the anecdote, Luis DeJesus (credited as Louie DeJesus in BSF), the midget playing Ralphus, had been a circus performer and was quite infamous around New York in the seventies for his roles in some stag movies, most notably "The Anal Dwarf" (1971). A regular attraction in 42d Street peepshows, especially for freaks, and people looking for hardcore stuff or something different. He also played with the famous porn actress Annie Sprinkle in the porn movie Call Me Angel, Sir (1976). Their scene was insane, DeJesus appearing in a frog costume and then fucking with smile a hot Annie Sprinkle! On the last day of shooting Blood Sucking Freaks, director Reed was shocked to see Luis DeJesus and other members of the cast staging an orgy! DeJesus keep doing porn for a while and then tried to appear in more mainstream movies. He was a Ewok in Return of the Jedi (1983)... *(RG)*










REDNECK ZOMBIES
They're Tobacco Chewin' Gut Chompin', Cannibal Kinfolk from Hell!

## Brain Damage - Frank Henenlotter (1988)

*"It's a headache from hell !"*

Yeah this tagline's acceptable. I really enjoyed that movie, it's rare to see an exploitation film from the 80's with some serious dark undertone to it, or at least well conveyed. You might know the director Frank Henenlotter from his previous effort « Basket Case », that I didn't watch myself but all of you with shitty tastes in music may remember these photos with the band Night Birds and the monster from the said movie. Mr. Henenlotter is totally under the Sex Before Suicide mark of the devil. He's from N.Y., used to direct exploitation films influenced by the trash he saw/witnessed during the glory sCUMmy days of 42d Street, only six though and always separated from a few years each, and now he's working for Something Weird video.

Talking about this flick is no big discovery for the retard masses who read this zine I guess, but if you don't know it let me talk a lil' bit about it. Quick recap : As for the story, it's about this young cool guy who have cool posters in his room (Slayer ! The Cramps ! The fuckin Crumbsuckers and Agnostic Front ! Awesome! There's also a Bauhaus one but who gives about those fags ?) and who found himself having this disgusting turd-looking creature living on the back of his neck. The creature have this really cool voice, at first I thought it was the guy who sung on « Monster Mash », love that song, but it turned out it's John Zacherle who used to host television horror shows in N.Y. during the 60's. The creature, whom we later discovered is called Aylmer, opened it's really fuckin ugly mouth and connect to the guy's brain, dripping some blue liquid on his brain and sending the dude to something similar to an experience under LSD and heroin at the same time, the guy is tripping balls as big as the sack of a guy who just got out of jail! But the creature has to be fed, by munching on people's brains so our hero quickly became a junkie, passing out while Aylmer is feasting. He starts to lock himself in his room or in his bathroom, 'cause Aylmer likes to takes bath for some reason (but not because the crew had to hide somewhere while they were using the gear to move the creature around) and tripping balls, completely ignoring his brother and his girlfriend.

So the movie shows Brian, our main protagonist the blue monster jizz addict, going after people for Aylmer to kill. We have a cool scene in a fake punk club in where a lame new wave band is playing, and that's a shame because I'm always looking for that kind of stuff in movies sometimes you can find a really cool novelty song, and some punk/goth/s-m/metalhead/whatever chick preys on Brian, taking him to a back alley to blow him. Of course Aylmer rushes out of Brian's zipper to go into the girl's mouth. And what we see is clearly a freak porn scene, thumbs up from Antoine Zero.

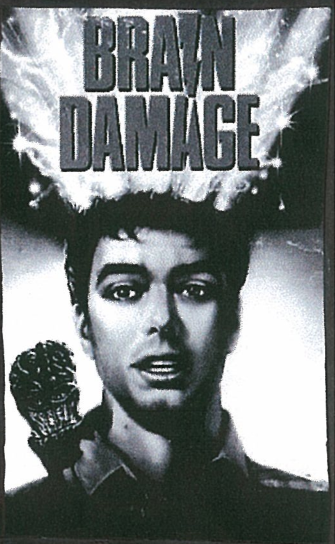
After a while Brain tries to stop his addiction by locking himself in a shitty motel room and letting Aylmer in the sink. It's a gross and dark scene of the movie, 'cause you witness Brian having withdrawal symptoms, puking all over the place and having disturbing hallucinations while Aylmer is teasing him and giving him shit. This monster is awesome. He has retort and also sings, he's a blast to watch he's a great character!

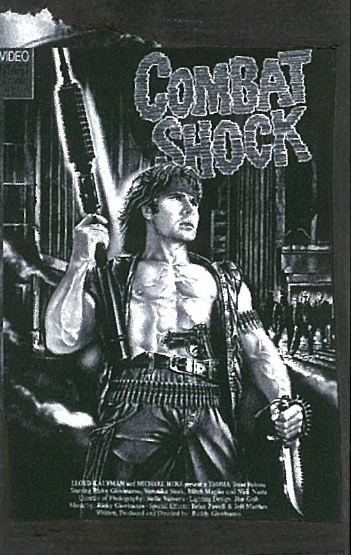
I'm not going to expend and spoil you the rest but let's have a look at the film itself. Brain Damage is not your typical boring exploitation film. There's definitely efforts put into it, you can see that Henenlotter worked his ass off with the little he had. This is not just a gore fest, you have something like four or five murder scenes and they are not necessarily gore as fuck, but some of them are gross for sure. The colors used in this flick for some reason is the thing that got me. There is an extensive use of these really sleazy 80's colors, « neon pink » « electric blue » « flash red » or whatever but used in a film noir way. There's no lights except theses ones, the lighting of the streets is the only thing Brian have to light his room while he's trying to battle his addiction and this monster.

There's also this use of a slow black fading out in some scenes that I love, another take from the film noir genre I guess. When you first see Aylmer and hear him talk you think you're going to see a cool cheesy 80's flick but that's not the case.

The film always takes place during night time, fuck me this is a horror film noir! And Brian really struggles with his addiction. His relatives also suffer from it, so what you have here is actually a film about drug addiction. I don't know if it presents itself as an openly anti-drug movie but I guess Frank Henenlotter used to hang out with the Times Square crowd and all the punx and since we all know how bad this time and place were so I guess this movie is him talking about what he saw in some ways...

So overall, Brain Damage is a strong exploitation movie, efficiently talking about some real issues but the horror side of the flick is not overcome by it, it doesn't takes itself seriously or anything but it isn't cheesy at the same time. The direction is great, the actors are doing a good job, good 80's special effects and there's an unusual ending for that kind of genre. *(AZ)*

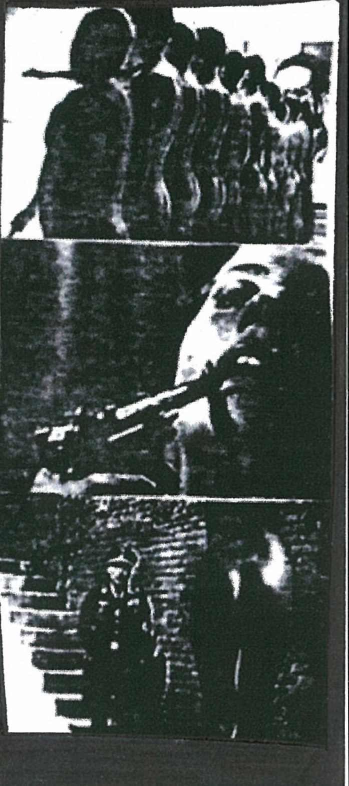


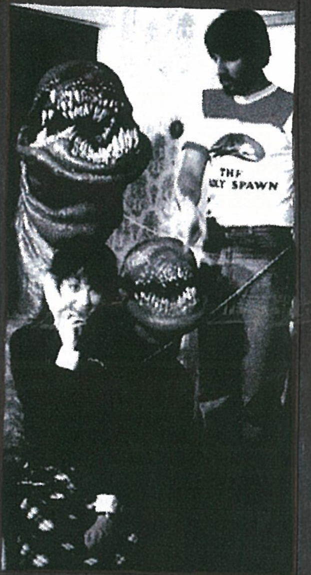


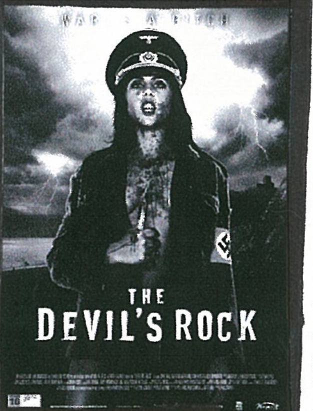
## Combat Shock – Buddy Giovinazzo (1986)

*« We're all Frankies... We're all lying in hell... »*

Do you know this song, 'Frankie Teardrop' from SUICIDE? Because Combat Shock's plot is based on this song. The movie follows one day in the miserable life of Frankie, a Vietnam veteran deeply and dangerously traumatized by his experience in the jungle. Every day. Every night. Every single minute he is haunting by his past and can't help it but trying to remember what happened back there. Flashbacks give us clues throughout the movie. He got lost in the jungle while on a mission, and can't recollect how he got there, stalked by a group of Vietnamese. He finally ended prisoner, tortured and locked up in a cage for months and months, slowly falling into insanity. He woke up at the hospital, where he spent two years recovering. He is now living in a slum near the railroad in Staten Island, New York, with his wife and kid who's deformed due to agent orange effects. Sick and tired of hearing the creepy sounds of his baby, Frankie decides to go out to look out for a job. « You're not looking for a job... You're waiting for the world to end » said his wife before he leaves. Unskilled, depressive and smelly, he really can't get a job. So he keeps wandering in these filthy streets, that look more like a municipal waste than real streets, crossing the way of gang members who beat him up for owing them money, of a junkie friend willing to mugg for a little money to pay his shit, a bum looking through the trash for a piece of meat full of maggots, whores, a pimp and other pathetic characters.







The director, credited as Buddy G, helped by his brother Rick who plays Frankie, and a bunch of friends, will work three years on this project. When you see the movie, you can say it was inspired by David Lynch's ERASERHEAD, Scorcese's TAXI DRIVER and Michael Cimino's THE DEER HUNTER. The sick baby is a direct reference to Eraserhead, with the same screaming sounds, while the scene where Frankie is talking to a teen prostitute reminds us of Taxi Driver. The gritty, stark realistic urban atmosphere of the two latter is put to the extreme in Combat Shock. The movie is intense, oppressive, dark and sticky. You can feel how Frankie's life is a living hell. After having served in Vietnam, he wasn't prepared to face the war on the urban jungle that could drive every instable person to make insane things to escape from this spiral of miserability.

Surprisingly produced by TROMA, Loyd Kaufman once said it was the only 'real' movie he ever released. In spite of what many could think, Troma doesn't only put out dumb gore comedies, even if I like Class Of Nuke Em High or Toxic Avenger. Anyway, Combat Shock is a depressive and nihilistic movie, and leaves a lasting impact on its viewer, due to its hard story and shocking ending. Add to that one the weirdest soundtrack ever repeatiting for half the movie and the cold playing of Rick Giovinazzo, you got one of the best independent post Vietnam war feature ever. *(RG)*

**The Deadly Spawn – Douglas McKeown (1983)**

I was really happy to finally find the Deadly Spawn on DVD. I saw it as kid on VHS and it freaked me the fuck out, so I was glad to see it again.

The movie starts fast : a meteorite crashes on Earth, America, and is discovered by two unlucky campers whose body parts gets sprayed across the countryside before they could find the chance to realise what was happening... Yep, 'The Deadly Spawn' have arrived. Then, the aliens settle in the basement of a perfect suburban American family, waiting for preys to come down. Soon, Mom and Dad gets violently killed, we can see for the first time a shadow of the creature splattering blood all over the walls. We have to wait a little to see it appearing entirely, but it worth the wait, cause the FX work is particularly well done. John Dods, who will work after that on the sets of Ghostbusters 2 or Alien Resurrection, put all he's got to make this brilliant alien creature, with nearly no money at all. Looking like a giant hydra-worm with tons of sharp teeth, it made me think of Audrey II in THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORROS. It's huge, ferocious, slimy and surrounded by nasty little alien babies as hungry and repulsive as their mommy, spending their time eating electric wires or wood.

Some killings are really hard, blood splattered on the walls, flesh teared off from the skull, despite some cheap make up effects like apparent dummy heads, it still is violent and pretty well done. What makes The Deadly Spawn different from typical 80s horror movies is that characters are NOT brainless teenagers just thinking about parties and sex. Here, characters are real, even smart. They stay realistic and try to find out effective and rational solutions to get rid of the monsters. It is also faithful to 50s scifi flicks, from JACK ARNOLD to ROGER CORMAN, but with a gore & fun touch typical of the 80s era. In the same spirit as great independant low budget horror movies such as Bad Taste or Evil Dead, you can feel this movie was put together by a bunch of cinema fans. Many reference through the whole film, to The Thing From Another World (1951), 20 Millions Mile To Earth (1957), It! The Terror From Beyond Space (1958) and plenty of others. The Deadly Spawn was marketed as an Alien (1979) sequel by the distributors when it came out, eventually titled The Return Of The Alien : The Deadly Spawn. Needless to say if someone had believed that, he sure must have been truly disappointed, even if we can see a reference to Ridley Scott's work when a little creature suddenly burst out of the uncle's chest.

To sum up, for a movie shot in New Jersey in 16mm over weekends, because the cast was made of a bunch of friends or locals, this is actually pretty good and unique! Real cult classic. *(RG)*

**The Devil's Rock – Paul Campion (2011)**

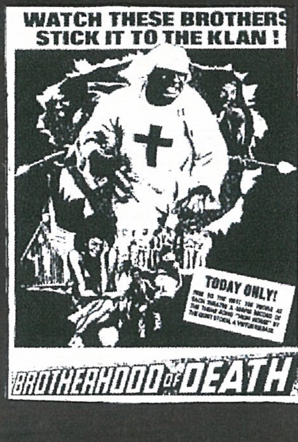
*« War is a bitch »*

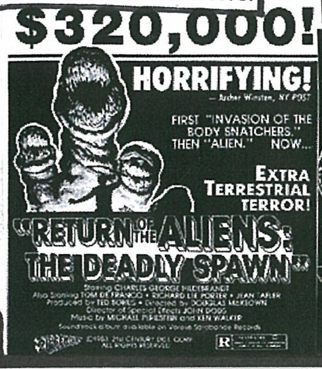
What a freakin' good surprise this one has been. It takes place during World War II, two New Zealanders soldiers are sent to a german bunker the day before D-Day in hope of distracting the nazi army from the massive arrival of yankees coming to kick their butts. The thing is, all they can find in the bunker is piles of dead bodies and body parts everywhere. Then it goes for the worst when one of the soldiers run into his « supposed to be dead » wife, chained to a wall. And soon enough we'll understand that she's not his wife but a demon used by the nazis for occult experiments that went wrong.

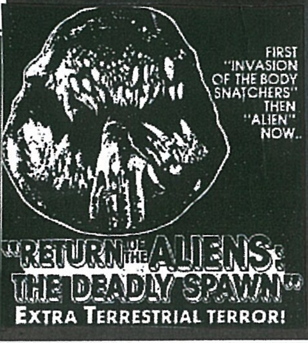
The Devil's Rock has been made by Paul Campion, it's his first feature film but he's also a special effects master, working on movies like The Lords of the Rings trilogy or Sin City (and also The Four Fantastics and the Silver Surfer...).

Just like The House of the Devil this one has a small budget. Everything takes place in two different rooms inside the bunker and most of the movie is lots of dialogues between three characters. How does that hold up? Really really well actually. The actors are doing a marvellous job, they seriously manage to put all the tension necessary, it's a genuinely thrilling and suspenseful flick. The thing is actually, everyone is just doing their best with nothing much! The lack of action and gore is replaced by claustrophobia, great dialogues and great performances, intensity and lots of suspense. And really good special effects.

If I had to talk about negative points, the only thing i could really say is that you shouldn't expect some big climax that takes the movie into another dimension, it's all about the creepy atmosphere and how these guys are going to get out of this. Even if sometimes you'd wish some other elements would be thrown in. I guess it had to suffer from its low budget somehow. The girl doing the Demon is called Gina Varela, and not only she's beautiful and sexy as hell (by the way miss Varela, if you're reading this, and I'm sure you will, if you feel like it I'll marry you whenever wherever, despite being a total nerd I'm a really good looking guy) but her acting as a temptress demon is on par with the two other dudes. But the character of the demon in itself, although really well made, is still quite cliché looking, and behave in a cliché way. To put it bluntly, what you'll see on screen is your average demon flick, but still believable. But however Paul Campion did a hell of a job with his first movie, I know he's currently shooting another one, another story about a demonic force. and I can't wait for it. You can also


WATCH THESE BROTHERS STICK IT TO THE KLAN!
TODAY ONLY!
BROTHERHOOD OF DEATH

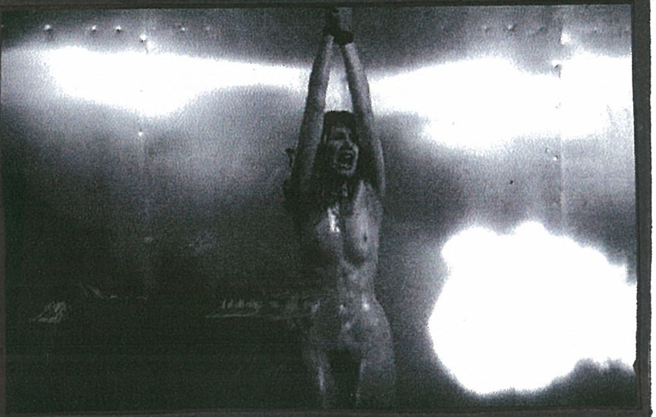

$320,000!
HORRIFYING!
— Archer Winsten, NY POST
FIRST "INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS." THEN "ALIEN." NOW...
EXTRA TERRESTRIAL TERROR!
"RETURN OF THE ALIENS: THE DEADLY SPAWN"


FIRST "INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS" THEN "ALIEN" NOW..
"RETURN OF THE ALIENS: THE DEADLY SPAWN"
EXTRA TERRESTRIAL TERROR!

check out his website, paulcampion.com, and watch his short films. One of them is called Eel Girl and is a bit reminiscent of The Devil's Rock, but only lasts five minutes.

Seriously watch out for his next films, who knows what kind of masterpiece he could do with a big budget? We're only talking about talent at a fetal stage here, but it's still talent! The only thing I don't get is the different covers of the movie, and its tagline. I've seen two different covers, one being completely nazisploitation style with Gina Varela dressed as a nazi girl with no clothes under her jacket and holding a gun with a sultry look in her eyes and the other being pretty much the same one but as the demon this time. What's with the promotional material who makes it look like your average exploitation flick? This movie is way different than the cover suggests, it's like the director was struggling between the seriousness of his movie and his love for old school exploitation, and the result is a cover which is not that subtle.

I guess, for now, only Drive manages this trick of paying homage and not falling for the obvious rip-off or clichés thing, as far as all the promo stuff goes. *(A.Z.)*



**Don't Go In The House – Joseph Ellison (1980)**

*« In a steel room built for revenge they die burning... in chains. »*

Here's a long tagline with no hooks whatsoever, they're just explaining what's going on in the movie! Is that laziness or what? Cheap and nasty horror flick about some dude tormented by his past, during when his mom used to bash him and burn him. So after her death he completely loses it and decides to bring girls to his place and burn them with a flame thrower, and after that he keeps their bodies and dresses them with his mom clothes. Makes sense. Also it reminds us of MANIAC but from what IMDB says they were out on the same year, so I guess the whole « killing girls and doing stuff with their bodies because our childhood sucked » was all the rage during the early 80's. The movie is efficient, short and well paced you're not getting bored. Really good jump scares and awesome disco muzak ! Something Maniac didn't have (disco muzak). There's also a priest who gets fuckin roasted too and that's a plus. Nothing more to say about it, you know how it works, so if you haven't seen it yet check it out. *(A.Z.)*

**The House of the Devil – Ti West (2009)**

*« Talk on the phone. Finish your homework. Watch TV. DIE ! »*

Now that's what i'm talking about, one dramatic as hell tagline ! This one is going to be a no-brainer. Some think it's boring as hell, some think it's a great movie. I think it's a cool one. The story is about some college girl who needs some cash, so she gets a babysitting job. When she arrived at the house, an old weirdo opens the door. The old weirdo is played by Tom Noonan, who was the bad guy in Red Dragon, Robocop 2 and Last Action Hero. Top notch bloke. He says that the girl has to actually watch for his mom, and he's willing to pay her good money for it. He leaves with his wife and soon enough, the babysitter understands that there's something weird about the job.

This flick is a really cool watch, as we say in my far more sophisticated language it's an "exercice de style", the movie is pretty much a tribute to the 70's/early 80's horror genre. Obviously made with a tiny budget, the director and the rest of the crew managed to put the bar really high on the vintage side of the movie, from the haircuts to the cars to the 16mm camera which has been used to shot the movie and the old school walkman used by our main character during this scene where she dances around the house, listening to the Fixx (shitty mainstream rock band from the UK) everything in this looks and sounds old school. And I like it!

Nothing much happens until the last fifteen minutes, so I guess that's where all the complaints came from. I thought this was good build-up, some jump scare and some clues are given during the movie and the suspense is present. The climax in itself is not awesome or really original, but again don't expect anything but an old school drive-in horror flick. I also had this feeling while watching it that it feels like a longer Tales from the crypt episode, a good one, a one where you feel attached to the characters and the atmosphere enough to wait patiently for the climax.

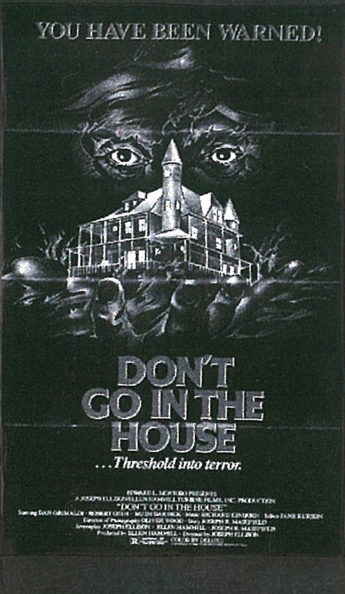
Even the end credits are following the same rules, being played over a still image of the final scene. Also, there's a warning at the beginning of the movie that it is based on a true story... when the stupid clichés become homage. If it was made back in the days I don't know if it would have the same impact, I guess it would have been just another horror movie, but given the circumstances I think every fan of that era should like it. It's a nice movie, with no pretension at all. It's simple and straight forward, you just watch it for pure nostalgia. It's almost comforting in a way. *(A.Z.)*

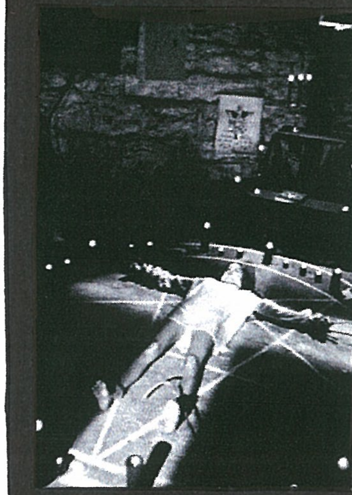
**Kill List – Ben Wheatley (2011)**

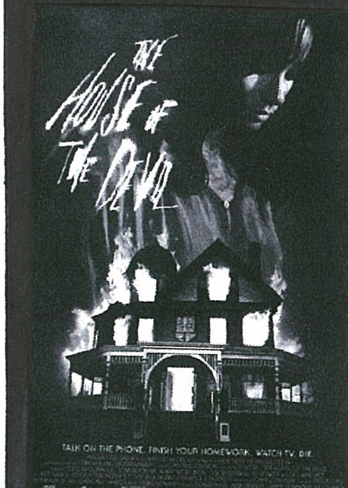
No tagline for this one, and I think it's probably for the best. This one seems to be a cult film already, to some people at least. From what i gathered on the web people either like it or hate it. I'm sold on this one. It's about this dude, a hitman, who's totally broke and always getting into huge fights with his wife about when is he going to work again and bring some money and stuff like that, while their poor kid is witnessing all of it. One night is best friend and co-worker comes to his place with his new girlfriend for dinner, telling him they have a new job offer. Three people to kill. I'm kind of fucked because I cannot tell much more or else I'll probably spoil it.

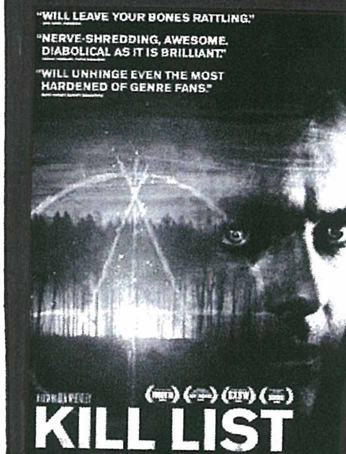
It's a weird movie, it's going for different moods and it definitely requires multiple viewings to get the whole stuff. I only seen it once yet. It's really dark, the main character is always on the verge of going completely insane and there are a few outbursts of brutal violent scenes. As long as the movie goes it gets weirder, and the climax of the film is right into the fantastic genre. It reminds me of some Polanski's movies like REPULSION (one of my favourite!) or The Tenant, movies where the main character is losing it's mind more and more and at the end the film gets really fuckin weird and scary. I wouldn't say Kill List gets as scary as the two films I mentioned but it's sure is an uncomfortable watch.

People who didn't like it were not into the weird way the film was taking and seem to be pissed off by the climax. I personally liked it, it's always tricky to deliver an abstract ending but to me it just goes with


YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!
DON'T GO IN THE HOUSE
...Threshold into terror.



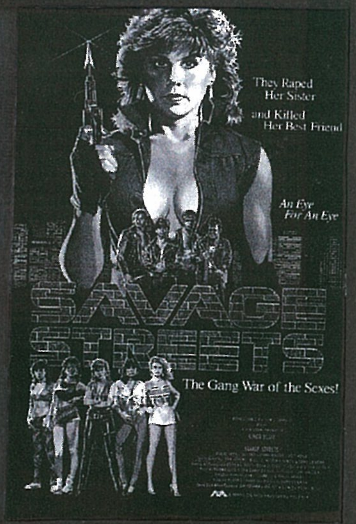

THE HOUSE OF THE DEVIL
TALK ON THE PHONE. FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK. WATCH TV. DIE


"WILL LEAVE YOUR BONES RATTLING."
"NERVE-SHREDDING, AWESOME. DIABOLICAL AS IT IS BRILLIANT."
"WILL UNHINGE EVEN THE MOST HARDENED OF GENRE FANS."
KILL LIST

with a progression of what's going on. I mean, I don't see often movies that goes for intimate drama to thriller to fantastic and still is a coherent watch. This one is. *(A.Z.)*

## Savage Streets – Danny Steinmann (1984)

'The Scars', a vicious L.A. punk gang likes to spend its time in the Hollywood streets, looking for trouble and busting heads for kicks. One night, drinking and driving as usual, they start shouting at a girls gang called 'The Satins', leaded by Brenda (LINDA BLAIR, you know the little girl in THE EXORCIST), and almost hit her young deaf sister Heather with their car. Later, the Scars are harassing a couple cause the guy owns drug money to Jake (ROBERT DRYER), the psycho gang leader. They make him understand to not fuck with them like this again, never, so they tear the shirt of the chick and expose her breast to the other laughing scumbags. Brenda and the girls, still pissed off and angry, are passing by and think about a fun way to show their love to the Scars, stealing their car and throwing all the garbages from the street in it when the joyride's over. I don't know why, but Jake doesn't really appreciate the joke and is in a screaming rage. At a bar which seems like the place to be for the young lions, the Satins are dancing, drinking and flirting with boys when the Scars come in to rock the house! They try their good old seduction techniques on a waitress, slapping ass and everything. Badasses and gentlemen! They try it again with Francine, one of the Satins who gets really mad at them.Two nice young men see the scene happening and try to calm down Jake and his pals. They're ok to apologize... with fucking punches in the the faces, people thrown to the walls and tables, good fight until one punk lose his knife and Francine picks it up, then cut open Jake's cheek. Raaah he's gonna fuck this bitch to death now! Seeking for revenge, he finds it in Heather, remember, the deaf little sister. While Brenda is cat fighting with a blonde half naked girl in the showers of the gymnasium (awesome scene with big brawl between wet naked girls fighting for no reason, obviously made for the young male audience, but definitely cool), Heather is waiting in the gymnasium, dancing a bit until Red, a gang member, arrives and try to kiss her. She gets scared and starts to run but all the issues are blocked by the punks Jake, Vince and Fargo. They surround her and take her to a safe place where they beat her, and Jake, in his sadistic pulsion, forces Vince to rape her. Vince is apparently a new member of the gang, younger than the others cause he's still in high school. After he's done, the others take their turn and beat her badly. The girls finally come to get her and find her nude, bloodied and unconscious. In the bonus of the dvd, there are interviews with Linda Blair and Linnea Quigley who plays Heather, they said it was a hard scene to play or watch, it's so brutal and violent, you must feel dirty even if you're not raped for real. When you see on the screen, I can say that yes it is pretty hardcore, one reason is the fact that the girl is deaf so she can't even scream for help, she can't do nothing because the gang members are surrounding her, putting their shoes on her hands, humiliating her, laughing while she's trembling with fear. The doctors at the hospital tell Brenda that his sister is in a critical condition, and from now on, the war is declared. It's getting even crazier when she learns his friend Francine was found dead after she was chased in the streets by the Scars and thrown over a bridge by Jake. She was pregnant and all the girls were waiting for her to show them her wedding dress... Now Brenda has had enough and she makes a promise that after tonight, the Scars will just be a bad nightmare. Armed with a knife and a crossbow, dressed in this sexy tight leather outfit, she's ready to fight. Ready to kill. Get this flick, it worth the watch. A great exploitation movie, gritty atmosphere in the sleazy streets of L.A., with a fine 80s rock soundtrack. Linda Blair is badass as fuck, and so is Robert Dryer. Another great performance is from JOHN VERNON who plays the principal of Underwood High. He has so much charisma, and he throws like the best quotes of the movie every time he appears!! I love that hilarious scene in the school hallway when the Scars are fucking with a student and Vernon arrives, pissed off as usual, he asks why Vince isn't in class and they say he got the craps and it's burning, he then answers with one of my favorite movie quote ever *« Go fuck an iceberg! (...) Now why don't you take your faggot asses out of here »*. Fucking rad! *(RG)*


They Raped Her Sister and Killed Her Best Friend
An Eye For An Eye
SAVAGE STREETS
The Gang War of the Sexes!

## Shivers – David Cronenberg (1975)

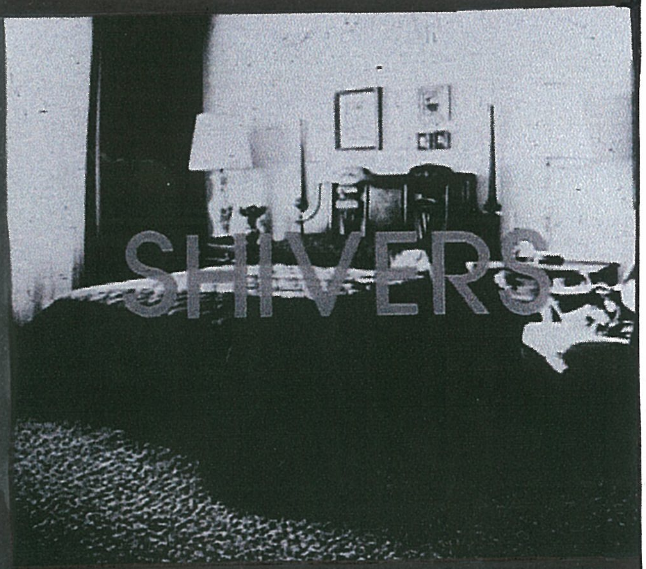
*« Being terrified is just the beginning »* This is the best tagline I found of the movie, I love taglines, good or bad, but this one is so depressingly bland. But anyway, first of all let me tell you that I totally love David Cronenberg films, I haven't seen them all but most of them. Plenty of meat to sink your teeth into his cerebral but gross films.

I guess you read the interview with BRUCE LABRUCE in this issue, and the praises he gave to GEORGE ROMERO. Talking about Romero, i'm a big fan of Night of Living Dead and Dawn of the Dead, and I think that the first one has definitely a great social commentary, especially for it's time but it seems there's too much of a big deal made out of it. Especially with Dawn of the Dead in where the message is quite redundant, for me it's an awesome horror gore movie with a lot of suspense though. Romero also directed this movie called « Bruiser » in 2000 who seems to be unknown to most, I've seen it and the message or social commentary or whatever in this film is plain stupid, with the climax of the movie taking place during a Misfits show, because the movie is about the misfits of society...

It's really lame, especially when the Misfits in question are these old farts on steroids we all hate. And the movie itself isn't that good.

Horror flicks, just like in music, must be careful when it tries to convey a message 'cause most of the time it's embarrassing, or in the cinema case, just an excuse to hit you hard on the head for the sake of it, like for instance the new-born porn scene in SERBIAN FILM and the director of the movie saying it's to show how serbian people are fucked by their government since their birth. That's bullshit. Who cares to hear the same lame ideas over and over, just bring us some gore and horrible stuff to watch! And that's where Cronenberg sets his movies apart from the rest, mostly during the 80's with stuff like The Fly, Dead Ringers, Videodrome, Scanners... in which he used the disgusting switch to prove his point. He seemed to be obsessed with stuff that speaks to all of us like sex, trying to improve our conditions through dangerous experiences, transgressing our limits and the consequences, the real world and the virtual world... Fuck that « the rich people are bad » thing, let's go deeper into the human personality that's where it's at!

I'm now gonna stop to write about that kind of stuff 'cause soon enough i'll start to write about stuff I don't know and can't handle, and I don't want to look like all those douchebags that I hate who are doing other fanzines.



Shivers, from 1975, is the first proper movie Cronenberg made. The plot is: some doctor created some turd looking parasites that once it gets under your skin, you just want to fuck the living hell out of everybody. As soon as you fucked someone, the person will become a sex fiend as well. The two parasites created are on the loose in a high tech 70's building and soon enough, everyone's horny as hell. It's up to one of the resident to stop the infestation. It sure does sounds like a zombie flick when you think of it, but putting a sex element instead is interesting. The movie in itself isn't great, the direction is amateurish, Cronenberg said in an interview that he had no idea of what he was doing on the set, it's not long but it gets boring in some scenes, and the parasites as i said look like turds so once i had that in mind, i wouldn't take seriously this scene in where an old guy is smashing one of them with his cane, i pretty much thought it was an ugly scene to look at... But some other parts are quite thrilling, seeing people attacked by a whole bunch of sex crazed parasite infested people and knowing they're going to get gang raped is a tad scary. Don't expect some full on rape scenes, or gore for that matter, there's not much shock value in this movie. The whole atmosphere is really cold, and i don't know why but this 70's style of fashion always gave me the creeps, this mix of white plastic, brown carpets and orange furnitures makes me feel uncomfortable, I just feel cold and ugly vibes coming out of that kind of stuff so at least this movie got me there. I wouldn't be surprised to know that Cronenberg felt that way too 'cause the fucking building actually steals the show here! I still enjoyed a lil' bit the movie because as a fan of the director i was curious, and even as a low budget horror movie it's still different than the average exploitation flick. So i could recommend it to other people who are into the director's work, but to the rest of you... i wanna write something mean but it's summertime, it's sunny outside I couldn't care less actually. *(A.Z.)*

**Snowtown – Justin Kurzel (2011)**

Probably the most mainstream flick we've written about in this zine so far, Snowtown still responds to our fucked up criterias WAY enough to be reviewed here. The story of the film is based on a true one, a serial killer in a shitty town from Australia during the 90's. It starts with a struggling, chain smoking, depressive, single mom and her kids who just got abused by one of the neighbour. So she goes out with a new boyfriend, John, who at first seems to be the perfect man of the house they were all waiting for, especially for Jamie, the older kid and main character, who adores him at first. Especially since John, with the help of the kids, harassed the paedophile neighbour so much the kid fucker has to leave.

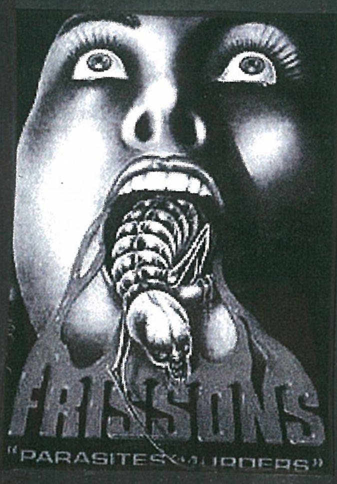
Then him and the rest of the neighbours start to have reunions to talk about their hatred of child molesters and how they should do something about it, John appearing as a leader for all those ugly looking bogans. The thing is, John starts to actually do something about it, and soon enough he's doing something about everyone who deserves to get some payback, according to him. Jamie will find himself trapped by John's influence, helping him for his crimes, mainly because he's scared shitless of him. Just like the rest of the shitty town.

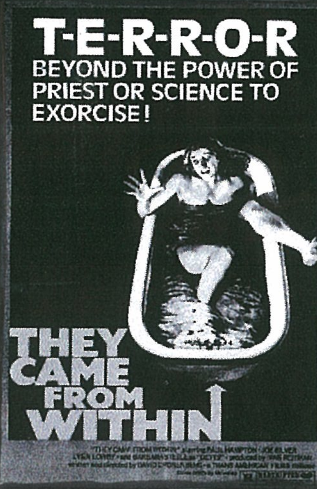
Snowtown is a long, falsely quiet movie with no music but when it's time to show the actual abuses and murders, and there are really not that much, the movies is pushing it down your throat. Everyone is ugly, bored to death, ignorant and scared, living in shitty houses surrounded by a desolate landscape, but it's not falling for the cheesy over-rednecky thing like in movies such as « Boys Don't Cry »

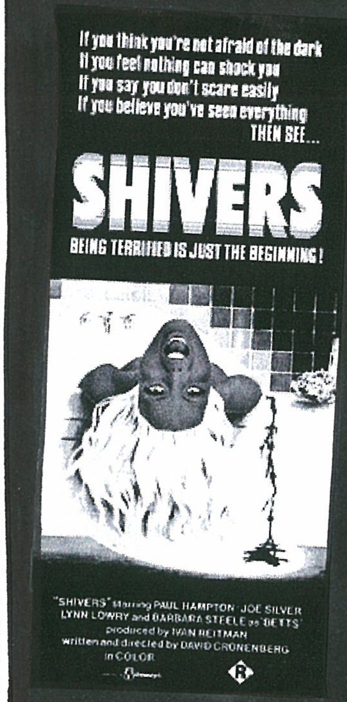
Jamie the main character doesn't have a lot to say throughout the movie, he suffered so much already he's completely mute. The actors are incredible in my opinion, really subtle performances.

The color blue is omnipresent in the movie, not sure what it supposed to mean but i thought it brought some kind of an hazy tone to the whole movie that made what we saw even more disconnected from reality. The minimalist soundtrack is a key element, mostly noises that make the ball you have in your stomach watching the movie even bigger and soon enough you'll forget to breath. It's the kind of movie that let you the jaw wide open with a blank stare in your eyes. A powerful, heavy movie with excellent actors and an excellent direction.

I mean, a film with a serial killer looking like Marcus, the singer from the UV Race couldn't be bad anyway. And it's the director's first film too, I thought it was worth mentioning since his previous work includes a video clip for this massive piece of shit of a band known as The Vines. (A.Z.)


FRISSONS
"PARASITES-MURDERS"


T-E-R-R-O-R
BEYOND THE POWER OF PRIEST OR SCIENCE TO EXORCISE!
THEY CAME FROM WITHIN


If you think you're not afraid of the dark
If you feel nothing can shock you
If you say you don't scare easily
If you believe you've seen everything
THEN SEE...
SHIVERS
BEING TERRIFIED IS JUST THE BEGINNING!
"SHIVERS" starring PAUL HAMPTON · JOE SILVER
LYNN LOWRY and BARBARA STEELE as 'BETTS'
produced by IVAN REITMAN
written and directed by DAVID CRONENBERG
in COLOR
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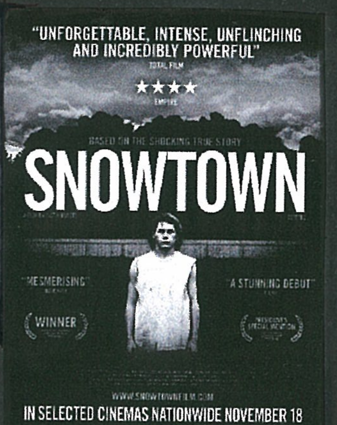
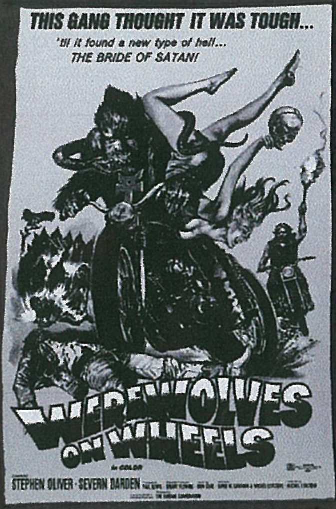
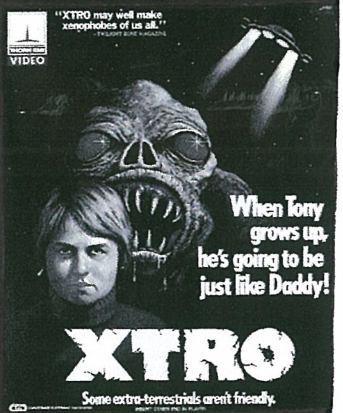
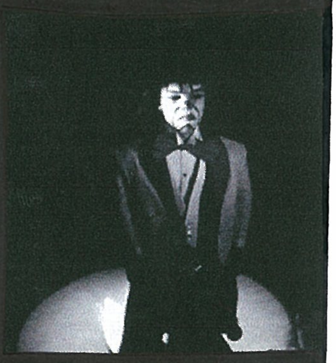

"UNFORGETTABLE, INTENSE, UNFLINCHING AND INCREDIBLY POWERFUL"
TOTAL FILM
★★★★
EMPIRE
BASED ON THE SHOCKING TRUE STORY
SNOWTOWN
"MESMERISING"
"A STUNNING DEBUT"
WINNER
WWW.SNOWTOWNFILM.COM
IN SELECTED CINEMAS NATIONWIDE NOVEMBER 18

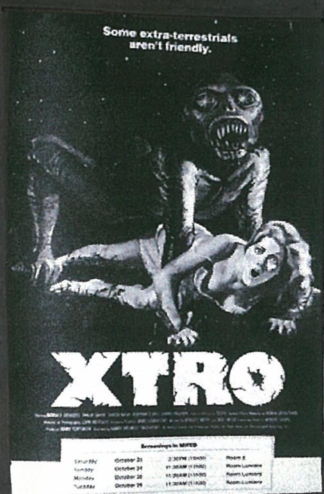

THIS GANG THOUGHT IT WAS TOUGH...
'til it found a new type of hell...
THE BRIDE OF SATAN!
WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS
STEPHEN OLIVER · SEVERN DARDEN

### Werewolves On Wheels – Michel Levesque (1971)

I love werewolves, and biker movies are often full of gratuitous violence and good soundtracks, so with a title like that – Werewolves... On Wheels? God, I have to see this!
The Devils Advocate, a biker gang who loves to raise hell and ride big Harleys on the dusty highways in the desert, decides to stop at a gas station to beat down a guy for no reason. Yeah, cool! They drink booze, they rawl, act stupid and do stupid stuff like stupid dumbass bikers use to do. Then they arrive to a satanic temple, and quickly hoodied monks in robe are surrounding them. They offer them bread and wine, and that's about the time things start to get a little weirder. Bikers got drugged and monks, back to the temple with one of the bikers women, make a creepy satanic ritual (great scene by the way, with chants and the girl dancing nude holding a snake, in some kind of trance). They slit the throat of a black cat, and curse the gang. Feeling better, the Devils Advocate interrupt the ritual and beat the shit out of the monks, I mean really bad, take the girl back with them. The following night, they discuss the incident, talk shit and start to mock a satanic ritual, dancing and screaming, until two of them are mysteriously found dead the next morning. They hit the road again, piss off an old timer in a gas station and act goofy in a car cemetary. One the crew member, called Tarot, says he feels that something's wrong and even sees signs when they burn down the wrecked cars...
Not that Werewolves On Wheels is boring, it's even a nice movie to watch, there is action, a great atmosphere, a killer soundtrack composed by DON GERE (actually one of the best psychedelic soundtracks I'ever heard on a 70s biker flick), it's just that I had high hopes concerning werewolves since the title is WEREWOLVES on Wheels. Shit, you have to wait the last half an hour to finally see some facial hair, growlings and what can be called a 'bikerwolf' (I mean a werewolf with a dirty sleeveless jeanjacket and leather boots). What sounded like the best movie ever let me a little disappointed. But, anyway it's still a great low budget exploitation movie, and even if it's clear that there was not much money invested in the project, Michel Levesque (who also worked many times with RUSS MEYERS, notably on the Vixens series) did a good job directed the movie. Worth watching wasted with friends on a friday night, along with THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK, another insane so-bad-it's-good lycanthropic movie. *(RG)*

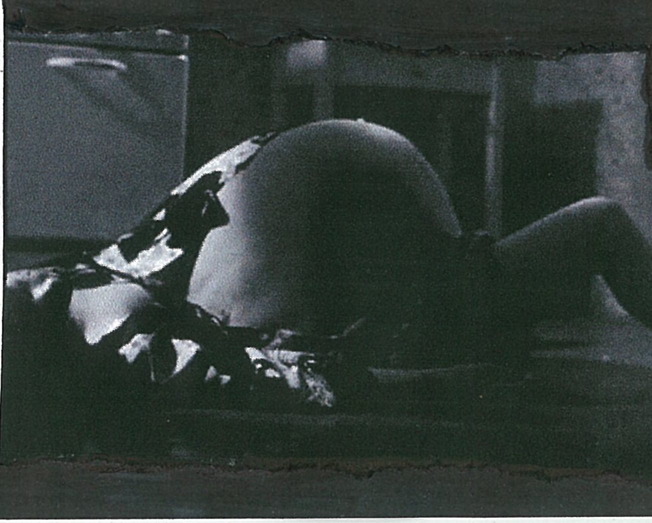

"XTRO may well make xenophobes of us all."
VIDEO
When Tony grows up, he's going to be just like Daddy!
XTRO
Some extra-terrestrials aren't friendly.





### Xtro – Harry Bromley Davenport (1983)

Xtro is an original sci fi-horror British flick made at a period where this type of movies was kind of dead in this country (HELLRAISER was released only four years later). For that matter, director Davenport called the American company New Line to help them producing Xtro. Unfortunaly these cheap ass motherfuckers gave not much money to make the film good, but it's still a great B-movie. This is a really innovative piece of work for the time, and even now I can't think of a movie quite similar to Xtro. It can be compared to BASKET CASE for the nastiness, and maybe early CRONENBERG for the special effects and creepy tone but I don't know... Xtro is unique. Except Alien and The Thing, movies were more into nice friendly visitors from Outer Space with E.T. or Close Encounters Of The Third Kind. Xtro is like the opposite, a nihilistic mean tale of extra terrestrial life coming to Earth.
Sam Philip is spending an ordinary afternoon with his son in the country when a strange bright light invades the sky and a violent wind strikes them. Sam is abducted by an extra terrestrial force and disappeared for three years. His wife Rachel has now a new life with an annoying jerk (I dont recall his name), but still can't forget this day. What really happened? Her son, Tony, often dreams about this moment, this light and his father screaming. One night when he is doing another nightmare, he wakes up mysteriously covered in blood. Meanwhile, an hideous creature kills a couple in the wood, crawls around a house and finds a prey. It assaults a young woman, scared to death by the mean looking monster. It then comes out a weird as shit penis and puts it on her mouth, just like the 'Face Huggers' from the movie ALIEN. It rapes the women and knocks her up. Something seems to try to comes out from her snatch in a bloodshed. A clone of Sam is born, similar to what he was the day of his disparition. This flick is cheap but the special effects are still efficient and particularly disgusting. Even if the script seems to be dumb or whatever, what follows turn out to be really bizarre. Sam is back home, to the surprise of everyone, but he acts weird and distant except towards his son. But one day, Tony catches his dad devouring his dear snake pet's eggs.Scared and confused, he runs away from the appartment to the streets. Sam finally finds him hidden under stairs in a very squalid alley. Dull scene when the dad explains to his son he was living in another world, that's why he changed, and then took off Tony's shirt and vampirizes the child to transmit him his surnatural powers. Now aware of these powers, Tony starts to use them as a game. He gives life to his circus puppet, and a scary midget clown appears, plays tricks and has these creepy eyes, dude... The clown, helped with a life-size soldier toy armed with a machinegun, and Tony, begin to kill people around them, and now it's what I call starting to get really strange. Some scenes are coming from nowhere, just like in dreams, creepy atmosphere and moving camera shots around the characters. The insane midget clown murdered a french fille au pair with a « funny » limp hammer and gets wrapped in a cocoon-like shit where a appendix lays big black eggs (remember Alien again?) then put into a fridge. I won't tell you the ending because it's totally unreal and unexpected. Fuckin psychedelic. There is a complete nightmarish atmosphere, you don't really understand what's happening in front of your eyes but it's happening anyway... I only own this movie as a VHS with the normal ending, but I saw on the internet that a director's cut alternate ending (appearing just in the german release) exists, and it even is weirder than the usual one. Dull as hell, and that's what saves the film from falling into another ridiculous low budget movie, here you don't laugh while watching Xtro, instead you feel pretty uncomfortable. The nice cold synth 80s soundtrack also helps. Perfect movie to show to kids before sleeping. (RG)



TEN DETECTIVE ACES
MONSTERS OF FILMLAND
KING KONG'S COLORFUL CRASH
LUGOSI'S TRANSYLVANIA TRIP
MR. SARDONICUS GRINS AGAIN
RENFIELD REVISITED AT LAST
Detective-Crime
SAUCY MOVIE TALES
Curse of the Crocodiles
PHANTOM DETECTIVE
THE EMPEROR OF DEATH
SPACE BUSTERS
FILTHY WORDS
BEREAVE IT OR NOT
By Thorne Lee
LOVE WAS A RACKET TO ME!

### Bizarre #11

J'AI BIEN L'HOM
DE VOUS BU

I don't know why most of my favorite fanzines come from Australia : Distort, Groin Gravy, Soapbox, Stitches In My Head, Not Guilty (RIP), and now I can add Bizzarism to my list. Zero brought me this oddity after his trip there, thinking I'll like it. And fuck yeah he was right! This is a fanzine devoted to freaks, eccentrics, strange stories, you got it : weirdness in all its splandor. I don't have much information but I think Chris Mikul, the editor, is running his publication for many years now, like since the late 90s. Concerning this issue, every single content is amazing and fulfilled of details, crunchy stories, and sources. Mikul writes with a great knowledge of its subjects, with an easiness and a passion that makes you litteraly absorbed by every word. You can find, in no particular order, Ernie Fridge Man of Glebe, « a beardie gnomelike little bundle of energy » living in a suburb of Sydney, spending its time repairing and giving away fridges to the poor, or anyone coming to see him ; the UFO Man, a street celebrity in Sydney ; or some great articles about Fletcher Hanks, a comic book artist active between 1939 and 1941, who had the particularity to have created sadistic superheroes in absurd and weird as shit situations ; 'The Return of the Sky People' about the Rael cult, or 'The Senile Surgeon', a medical horror story about Ferdinand Sauerbruch. Add some books reviews and strange pictures everywhere and you got one of the most peculiar fanzine ever. (RG) cathob@zip.com

*40 pages, A4 size, $6.00 within AUS, $8.00 US cash WORLD*

*Chris Mikul, PO Box K546, Haymarket NSW 1240, AUS*

### Seven Inches To Freedom #10

One of the best hardcore/punk fanzine, at least coming from the US of A. There is an interview with a punk veteran, nothing less than Bill Chamberlain from The Pist, Caustic Christ, Aus Rotten, Behind Enemy Lines and more... This time he talks about his old label, Eugene Records (is there a link with the singer of the same name from the Chi-Lites, a Chicago based group which had some hits in the 70s?). You also have nostalgic topics such as « My First Record Stories » or « Bridges Into Punk » with contributors and/or friends, notably DX from Distort fame. But what I liked the most was Joe's writings on the GREAT fucking killer record Monument To Thieves by you know who (really you don't? His Hero Is Gone, fucking retard!) and his favorite records of the past year (2011), Brain Killer, Rat Storm, Shoppers and other killer stuff I didn't know as I'm trying to get a bit away from the punk scene these days. Oh, and the articles on the punk books were really interesting too! Cool issue, and even it's not a cut and paste layout, it's really well done in bloody red tones and still punk backgrounds. (RG)

*40 pages. A5 size. hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com*

*Joe Lachut PO Box 457 Ft. Myers, FL 33902 (USA)*

MORGAN NAVARRO
TEDDY BEAT
BD CUL
#6
CELEBRATING THE OBSCURE AND ESOTERIC!
LUNCHMEAT
BLOOD! TERROR! BABES! MONSTERS!
LURKING INSIDE...
INTERACTIVE VHS VENTURES!
GEORGE STOVER'S CINEMACABRE!
SCREAM QUEENS CROSSWORD!
MORE FUN STUFF!
LUCIEN • KEBRA et les CLOSH !

### Lunchmeat VHS #6

This is a zine for all of you tapeheads, who can't imagine a night without spending at least three hours watching old dusty VHS with graphic violence. Layout is simple but cool, and it's printed on glossy paper, now that's class my friend! You can find long well written reviews on hard to find flicks such as Blue Blood (1973), America's Deadliest Home Video (1993), Super Force (1990), Death Weekend (1976, this one looks sick!), Rockula (1990), OMNI : The Real E.T. (1981) and many more... A great interview with DANIEL ROEBUCK about his role in the cult punk movie Dudes (1987), directed by Penelope Spheeris (Decline of Western Civilization, Suburbia, Boys Next Door, Wayne's World...Yep, sir). An other one I like is with GEORGE STOVER, a "cult cinema hero" as they say, famous for his participation to Baltimore's underground film circuit in the 70s, acting in John Waters' classics 'Female Trouble' and 'Desperate Living'. He acted in a shitload of different movies and did great zines such as Black Oracle and especially CINEMACABRE. Really, Lunchmeat is a killer fanzine. Look you can even find a Weird Tales mag review and a awesome article on 80s teen sex comedies titled "Big Boobs, Blue Balls & Nerd Virgins". Fun to read, interesting and cool subjects, that's what I'm talking about. (RG)

*Lunchmeat / 116 Weber Road / Elmer, NJ 08318 – TheButcher@LunchmeatVHS.com*

### Valium/ Ab Bedex Compilato

I can't stop giving praise to this huge book, which is an incredible masterpiece for anyone with the slightest taste for punk comics and psycho pictures. 224 pages of furious and fully detailed stories, with lunatic characters, crazy street action, monstrous buildings and hilarious language. Watching panel after panel, you must guess that this guy is a total maniac, cause every drawing is a (junk) art piece in itself, while being incredibly structured, detailed and coherent. This guy started in the eighties and never stopped writing insane stories featuring mutants, skinheads, wackos, or killers, with a ferocious humor and a terrible visual aggression. On top of that, the language is a major accomplishment itself, being an unbelievable mix of 80's punk terms and Franco-Canadian slang, and you're gonna need some time to fully understand and get used to it. But once it's done, you'll never stop watching this book, let yourself drawn into the pictures and be a part of this wonderful crazy world that Henriette Valium drew out of his insane mind. A major must-have graphic book that is an important part of comic history too, you just can't miss it. *L'association. France.* 2007 (MC)

### Morgan Navarro – Teddy Beat

Another volume of the erotic comic collection that Les Requins Marteaux set up a few years ago ! And it's a huge success, as this comic won a prize at Angoulème, that is fully deserved ! 120 pages of colourful funny fantasy, bringing young suburban Teddy in all kind of situations where he has no choice but to use his dick as a social weapon ! Modern porn adventures as we'd all wish it could happen, but hey, it's just short stories so you'll only get a hard on while laughing your arse off ! Anyway, do your nephew a favor and buy him this book, this is a far better investment than classic porn stuff, cause it has humor, bright colors, sketchy characters and funny scenarios in it ! *BD Cul. France. 2011. (MC)*

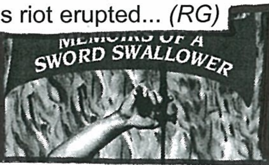
### Destroy All Movies - The Complete Guide To Punks On Film

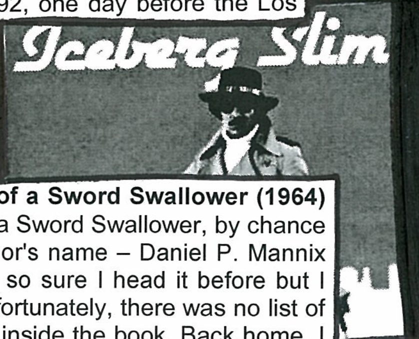
Since American Hardcore came out, dozens of hardcore-related books have seen the light of day, some of them seeming to be done too quick and resulting in half-assed jobs, some of them seeming to be done to cash in on 80's faded memories. In the end, it's a hard task to buy the good book amongst this pile of shit, as every topic about punk seems to have been covered many times, be it about its musical or artistical sides. This one is a special one and a total winner, as it's covering punks in movies, a funny topic only a genius could have thought about. Literally, this book lists every punk character or band happening on film, and thus offers great never-seen-before pics, nice interviews and fun facts. While being really interesting and thoughtful when you get some directors' or artists' view on punk rock and 80's society, this book is of course incredibly hilarious when you read anecdotes about punks playing movie roles or vice-versa. Although reviews are kinda subjective and might depends on everyone's taste, the author makes the good decision to list everything from big US blockbusters (Robocop, Terminator, Mad Max…) to French street rock flicks (Tchao Pantin, Subway…), from Zombie-exploitation to Mexican B-movies, from NYC late 70's arty stuff to whatever other crazy thing one might have shot… All in all, this book is a huge effort resulting in more than 460 pages of great reading, beautiful pink and black layout and great photos of a phenomenon that was exploited by the movie-industry and media craze in the eighties. It's an essential reading to complete your knowledge about punk rock, but also to understand how punk was perceived, portrayed and communicated thru the medias. Crucial ! *Fantagraphics.* *2010.* *(MC)*

## Iceberg Slim – Pimp (1969)

Pimp is a book you'd love to hate. It's hard, raw, cruel, but true. It tells the true life of Robert Beck aka Iceberg Slim, the number one pimp in Chicago from the fall 30s to the 60s. The book starts with the beginning, his childhood in Milwaukee and Rockford, Illinois, his violent stepfather, his tough mother and one incident that changed his life. When he was three, he was raped by his babysitter. A taste of injustice and disgust stuck in his mouth. He grew up wanting to be someone. But when you're black and poor in the 30s, what can you dream about? White people had the best jobs, best houses, best cars, best everything, and blacks could shine their shoes. But white people also loved one particular thing : screwing big fat black asses. So you have to make choices in life, as the first black man's hustle, he chose to be a pimp, the damn best pimp of the world. Remember the line from this Mobb Deep's song, « Shook Ones » *'I'm only nineteen but my mind is old, and when the things get for real my warm heart turns cold"*? That's exactly what happened to Robert. After having sent to jail two times, he understood that he had to be the coldest motherfucker alive to survive in those streets. He moved to the big city, Chicago, with a whore and started his business as a mack. He soon learned from the best, a badass black gorilla pimp known as Sweet Jones. Sweet told him everything he had to know to rule the city and fool the bitches, and Robert learned fast. He talked raw, women were nothing to him and he showed us love through punchlines like *"Listen square-ass bitch, I have never had a whore I couldn't do without. I celebrate, bitch, when a whore leaves me. It gives some worthy bitch a chance to take her place and be a star. You scurvy bitch, if I shit in your face you gotta love it and open your mouth wide."* You get it. It's not for the easily offended. After a shooting in a bar where Robert didn't move a finger (under the influence of too much cocaine), he earned a new nickname, Iceberg Slim was just born. Cold as ice and vicious as a deadly snake, Slim made his bitches work on the streets, sucking off customers days and nights, while he spent most of his time lost in his loneliness, snorting cocaine or shooting heroin.*"Any sucker who believes a whore loves him shouldn't have fell outta his mammy's ass"* He had everything, big cars, pretty whores, shitloads of money, expensive clothes, but his addiction to drugs are getting worse. A falldown until he got arrested for the umpteenth time, backstabbed by his friends, ex-bitches and other macks. Pimpin' ain't easy. That's only after a final 10 months prison stretch in solitary confinement, where he nearly went insane, that he decided to quit pimping and starting writing

Pimp is a cult book, and for so many reasons. Even if it was sometimes hard to read, all the women degradations, ultra violence, crude words, it was a fascinating read. Lots of funny, tragic or unbelievable anecdotes about street life, jail, and obviously pimp secrets. Between 1967 and 1979, Beck wrote seven books that captured the brutally tough world of the ghetto, including Trick Baby and Black Mama Widow. Pimp was his first one, his autobiography, his life, his moments of glory, or weakness... Its impact on Black culture was considerable, published on the rise of the Black Power movement, the book was selling faster than weed bags in Tompkins Square on a sunny day. Regarding Hip Hop culture, I bet this is one of the most influential book in the scene, his writing style is full of strong metaphores and slang words that white people surely had never heard of at the time. And knowing that Ice Cube or Ice T chose their nickname because of the book is not a big surprise when you think about it. Robert Beck has sold over six millions books prior to his death on April 28, 1992, one day before the Los Angeles riot erupted... *(RG)*

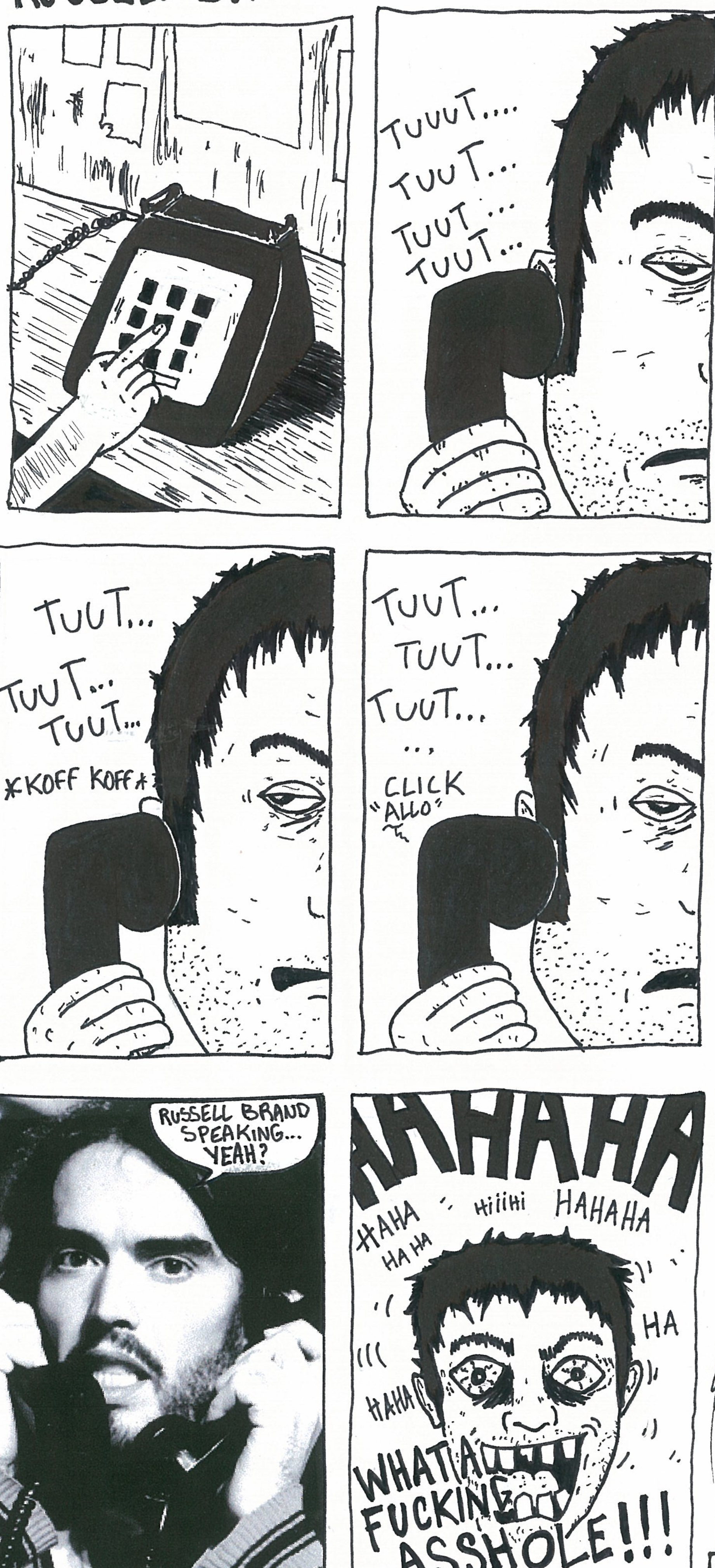




**Daniel P. Mannix – Memoirs of a Sword Swallower (1964)**

I bought this book, Memoirs of a Sword Swallower, by chance on a depressing day. The author's name – Daniel P. Mannix – sounded very familiar, I was so sure I head it before but I couldn't put my finger on it. Unfortunately, there was no list of his precedent works anywhere inside the book. Back home, I checked on the internet and, fuck yeah, of course I knew him! Dan Mannix is the author of many books I cherish, more particularly "The Hellfire Club" (1959) and "Freaks : We Who Are Not As Others" (1990, Re/Search Publishing). Two jewels I strongly advise you to read. Memoirs Of a Sword Swallower gets close to the last one, since he tells his experience on the road across the USA with a traveling sideshow in the late 30s or early 40s *"I probably never would have become America's leading fire-eater if Flamo the Great hadn't happened to explode that night in front of Krinko's Great Combined Side Shows"* After having witnessed this incident, he meets the foreground people and the next day, decides to follow them. The Impossible Possible takes Mannix under his wing and teaches him some tricks, seeing that the young man wanted to learn how to spit fire and swallow torches. After some weeks training and many blisters on the lips and palate, he's finally ready to perform on stage. Quickly, he wants to know more, learns how to swallow a sword and to tour with a double attraction. Never satisfied, he begins to learn how to swallow neons, to become a fakir, a telepath or an escape specialist, but give up when he finds out how hard it is to be really good at these. One day, when he wants to show people he can escape from a sealed mail bag thrown in the river - Houdini's style -, things doesn't turn out good and he got so scared he never tried again. The descriptions of the lives of these outcasts that live on the fringe of society is touching and fascinating. You can follow the adventures of the troupe made of Krinko the Fakir, 'The Impossible Possible', Captain Billy the 'Tattooed Man', May the Snake Charmer, Jolly Daisy the Fat Girl, master of regurgitation 'The Human Ostrich, Aunt Matty the palm reader, Bronco the cowboy, or Dot, the five legged horse, among others. What really interested me during the read is the parts when the author explains the tricks of each performances, because even if most of them are nearly impossible to do for 'normal people', there are still tricks to deceive the audience, to make the show looking even more dangerous than it is. Like when the fakir has his tongue nailed to a board by a spectator or when he pushes a nail in his eye and succeed to pop it from the other eye... Yep, fifty percent real, fifty percent fake. First released in 1951 under the title 'Step Right Up', Mannix later decided to add more content to the book and re-released it as Memoirs of a Sword Swallower in 1969. In my opinion, it is a must read for circus and carnival lovers and also a unique document concerning sideshow history in the 40s. *(RG)*

# RUSSELL BRAND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WHAT A FUCKING ASSHOLE!!!
R.G.

# LAST REVIEWS

**The Slugz – Empty Space EP (2012)**
Great blend of 80s USHC and garage punk, like TEENGENERATE with angrier vocals. After a killer ep 'Suit And Tie' released in 2011, Cowabunga Records decided to put this one out. Three tunes of raw punk with smart lyrics and high energy, rocking riffs that will get stuck in your head for weeks. Definitely one of the best band coming out of Richmond, VA!!!

**Black Belt Jones – Robert Clouse ('74)**
Cult kung fu-action-blaxploitation movie with the amazing Jim Kelly, the black answer to Bruce Lee! You know it's gonna be cool as hell since the first scene, when some gangsters want to rob some guys, then Black Belt Jones arrives, with a killer funk tune on, jumps in slow motion from a police car and beats the crap out of them with his badass karate skills. Amazing I told you! The story is simple, the mob wants to buy a part of the town to make easy money, but there is one thing they didn't have yet is the Papa Byrd's african american karate school. After some pressure from the henchmen, a teacher decides to call Black Belt Jones to the rescue. And He's gonna kick some white asses! A really fun B-movie to watch, with not so good acting but some genius quotes and sometimes real misogynistic ones! *"Who the fuck hit me?"... "Batman, motherfucker!"* BAM!!

**Devil Inside Her – Zebedy Colt (1977)**
After a weird opening sequence made of melting colours in a psychedelic fashion, we learn that the story takes place in New England in 1826. Only few seconds are past that Joseph, a guy wearing a lumberjack shirt and a blue jean (!!) makes his appearance. A neighbour girl is deeply in love with him but his daddy doesn't want to hear about that crazy shit. So she decides to sell her soul to the devil with the help of a forest witch to make him hers. This twisted satanic porn flick is directed by ZEBEDY COLT, who did some famous "roughies" such as Unwilling Lovers or Sex Witch. The Devil is weird as fuck, with his dog collar, kiss-like paintings on his face, and touching his long limp dick and huge hairy balls. There are a lot of sick deranged scenes, as well as some great sex scenes, so the mix can be a bit disturbing. The real plus in this movie are the dark eerie atmosphere, Joseph possessed by the devil who totally looks like Iggy Pop late 70s era, insane evil orgies, [redacted] the incredible golden shower scene on ANNIE SPRINKLE or a masturbation with dirty vegetables.

+ CHECK MY KILLER 80's ELECTRO-RAP COMP': SEXBEFORESUICIDE.BLOGSPOT.COM RARE/HARD TO FIND AND SOME [redacted] CLASSIC SHIT.

She done him good
GAYE ADVERT
GAYE ADVERT
Record Name

DOES THIS PRETTY BRUNETTE REMINDS YOU OF SOMEONE? REMEMBER THE ADVERTS? THIS ENGLISH PUNK ROCK BAND MOST OF YOU MUST HAVE PLAYED SOME OF THEIR HITS "BORED TEENAGERS", "ONE CHORD WONDER" (1977) OR "NO TIME TO BE 21" FOR HOURS. WELL I DID. AND WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN I FOUND THESE NAKED PICS OF GAYE ADVERT SHOT FOR SOME PORN MAG BACK IN THE LATE 70s!

**Thanks** to Ron Athey, Bruce LaBruce, Brad Jones, Frank, all the people who ever help to distribute SBS everywhere.
**Special thanks** to Sam from Feel It who did copies of our zines to distribute it in the US, you fucking rule man!

I'm constantly searching for something that could complete my personal archives, so here it comes. I'm searching for documentaries, raw footages, interviews or anything about: Manson & his family, Vietnam War, serial killers, UFOs, life in old asylums, New York City in the 70s-80s, grindhouse flyers, WWII and Cold War era propaganda short films / cartoons, Atomic era, 50s Educational movies, Ralph Bakshi's short movies, Harlan Ellison, Hunter S. Thompson, Pierre La Police, John Waters, GG Allin (especially old live VHS), No Trend, Lydia Lunch, Stooges, The Cramps, Brainbombs, Crime, ...

I'm not doing this to sell expensive shitty DVDR or VHS on ebay or whatever. It's just to satisfy my own obsessions. So, trades are welcome, I have a lot of hard to find films, rare documentaries or archives... Just look at my wantlist and you'll guess the themes. If you're interested and want to see a list of things I have, I'll send it to you. If you want me to copy some stuff I can also do that, even if you have nothing to trade back. No problem we always find a way to deal. Usually you'll just have to lick my ball sack.

Raph Gordon

## BACK ISSUES:

**#2 : November 2011.** 44 pages. A4.
Interviews with UV RACE (dumb punk, Melbourne, Aus.) / FNU RONNIES (Lo-fi noise punk from Space, USA) / POISON IDEA (made from quotes taken from many late 80s – early 90s fanzines).
Drawings and a two pages comics by Donnie Ka, articles on the most underrated bluesman ever Lightnin' Hopkins, on some GG Allin seven inches, on local crimes in Brest city (France), one about Mole People, inhabitants of the New York City tunnels. And some other cool stuff.

**#1 : March / April 2011.** 52 pages, A4.
Sold Out. Ask me for a PDF file.
Interviews with EYEHATEGOD (Sludge Legends, New Orleans) / ROBIN BOUGIE (Editor of Cinema Sewer, Sleazy Slice...) / GEORGE TABB (NYC punk legend, MRR columnist and more) / Alessandro (F-TRICHECOS, FOLDED SHIRT, OWAB, GRABBIES) / ANGELIQUE BOSIO (director of documentaries Llik Your Idols and The Advocate For Fagdom).
3 pages comics by Mat Criminal, neighborhood crime stories, Pure Fanzine, David Wojnarowicz....

## THE NIGHTMARE NEVER ENDS